

disorder

magazine

SEPTEMBER
2008

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editor's note

Hello readers of Discorder:

Lots of new things happening on our side of things. This is my first issue as editor of the magazine, which I'm excited/nervous about. I've been working with Discorder for a long time now and hope to spend a while longer as editor. There are going to be some changes coming down the road because of that. The devoted reader might be able to detect some already.

Discorder has always been dedicated to promoting the local, the obscure and the independent musician. We will continue to do our best to bring what we think are underrepresented pieces of local culture to your attention. Promoting the artists who traditionally get passed over in more mainstream media, such as Giantfest, Streetlight and Geoff Berner (our featured bands this issue), is important and we will continue to cover them. But we're also including an article about Hanson's fans and a Celine Dion book in this issue. Those of you with more delicate sensibilities may have spat a bit of coffee out over that one. An understanding of pop culture (and music does fall under that umbrella) isn't just about being able to namedrop the latest bands or list off more Pixies B-sides than the next person. It's most importantly about *why* we love the latest band and why others love their favourite band. Lauren Roberts and Simon Foreman make us look a little closer at why we value certain forms of artistry over others.

In the upcoming issues while I am at the helm I want to run more articles looking for answers to the why of music. So if everything goes according to plan you'll see some.

It's sad to say, but my first issue will also be our art director Cole Johnson's last issue. He is a trooper who managed to put this issue together despite being a day and a half behind schedule after his plane was delayed and then spending a day in the hospital getting tested for listeria. Cole has put together some great layouts for Discorder and we wish him all the best. If you or someone you know is interested in taking his place, you should apply. Check out the details on page 14.

'Til next month.

—Jordie Yow, Editor

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riff

BY

BRYCE DUNN

Hello again music-minded souls! My job as reviewer has been made incredibly easy this month due to a trio of releases from the always-adventurous Sweet Rot Records and an Albertan duo with a double 7" EP. Come to think of it, all the bands featured are duos.

Branding the aforementioned label come the Seattle duo, Love Tan (formerly known as *Pyramids*) who usher forth a six song effort which ranges from the curiously falsetto-sung bombast of "This Land Is No Good," to the Kraftwerk-on-*Qualudes* "Berlin Rumble Part 1," to the slinky Beat Happening inspired "Ring Ring," so there's a little something for everybody here.

The *Anal*s from France keep it decidedly sparse and stoic on their two-song single, and while most folks in other reviews seem to be down with this duo, I sadly am not. "Commando Of Love" steals from Suicide and disguises it as a soundtrack for post WWII Germany, but "Wake Up You're Dead" fares worse; though a punchy keyboard piece permeates throughout, the monotone vocal delivery leaves this dead in the water for me.

Submitted along with the two previous titles was an EP from a Southern California twosome known as *The Robot Assassins*. Further investigation finds that this was originally released over a decade ago and any copies that may have existed when the band was active are fetching collector nerd status points around the world. This is more my speed — lo-fi, Killed By Death meets early Rip Off records-style garage trash. Tracks include the *Supercharger*-esque basement din of "Keep Away" and the band's namesake song "Robot Assassins", as well as "C-B-E" which could very well use those chords, and I could tell you for sure if I wasn't such a duncie when it comes to music theory. However, the pair gave me a clue to the origin of the title when they enthusiastically sang, "Cigarette butts everywhere." Six songs of guitar, drums and good times. This is a keeper.

Lastly, a Canadian duo whose debut is not only an auditory adventure, but a visual one as well. *The Famines* shed the skins of their previous bands (for guitarist Raymond Biesinger it was *The Vertical Struts*, for drummer Gareth Kreuger, *The Wolfnote*). Rather than taking the easy route by agreeing to simply meld the two bands' sounds together, the eponymous EP comes off sounding a little more refreshed and inventive, and in some cases (like with the track "Gimme Some Numbers") eerily reminiscent of another Edmonton duo, *Whitey Houston*, with its punneling "War Pigs" inspired drum breaks. "TWA Flight 553" is solemn wire worship, and "I Like Some Of The Things You Do" just barrels happily along, all the while singing the paradoxical praises of Islam (based on the singer's erstwhile impression of the peoples of the Middle East). The accompanying booklet, a series of pictures juxtaposing geography with pop culture symbols, is an intriguing if slightly self-serving addition to the music—but don't let that stop you from checking this out. **D**

Love Tan & the Anals

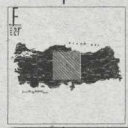
(Sweet Rot Records, myspace.com/sweetrotrecords)

The Robot Assassins

(Total Sound Records, 2036 University Ave. Berkeley CA USA 94704, but available through Sweet Rot Records).

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(Self released, check www.thefamines.ca for more info)



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by Greg McMillen

copyright

Bill C-61 declared war on the digital generation, but Canadians are fighting back.

In the closing weeks of the spring 2008 parliamentary session, Industry Minister Jim Prentice introduced Bill C-61, a long-awaited piece of legislation intended to bring Canada's copyright laws in line with international treaties and address the new realities of a digital world. For months, artists, lawyers, techno-nerds, and other concerned folk had speculated on the details of the legislation. They'd feared it would be worse than the dreaded American Digital Millennium Copyright Act.

On June 12, their fears were realized. Bill C-61, which has come to be known as the Canadian DMCA, was everything they had feared. The government declared war on the digital generation.

The problems with Bill C-61 go back to 2001, when the last public consultations on copyright were held. If you asked someone what BitTorrent was, they'd guess a washed up industrial band. iPods didn't exist. Neither did TiVo, digital music stores, YouTube and countless other digital media services we take for granted. Prentice claimed that the 2001 consultations were enough, but the rules of the digital game have completely changed since those early days.

Prentice and the Conservatives are selling C-61 as a long overdue update to copyright law, but many of the new rights it grants can be taken away if the copyright holder limits them with a digital lock. Under C-61, the daily activities of millions of Canadians could wind up costing them \$20,000 in damages.

The following activities banned under C-61 are just the tip of the iceberg:

- Copying a DVD you purchased to your video iPod
- Watching a DVD on a computer running Linux
- Unlocking a cellphone to use overseas
- Copying a protected CD to MP3 format
- Recording and keeping a copy of your favourite television show
- Unlocking an ebook to use with a text-to-speech or text-to-Braille machine for the visually impaired

C-61 doesn't even encourage consumers to buy media. It creates higher penalties for people who buy media than for people who download without paying. If you copy a DVD you bought to your iPod, you have to break the digital lock on the DVD and could wind up owing a staggering \$20,000 in damages. If you download the same movie from the Internet without paying for it, you'd only be on the hook for \$500.

C-61 also threatens the Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms guarantee of freedom of expression and privacy. For example, under C-61 documentary film makers could not take samples from DVDs for use in their work, even if the clip isn't copyrighted. Finally, there is concern as to how C-61 will dovetail with the Anti-Counterfeiting Trade Agreement, which could allow border guards to search your iPod or laptop for infringing materials. Like C-61 before it, ACTA is being negotiated behind closed doors with industry players and without input from Canadian creators and consumers.

So, who cares about copyright law? Lots of people, judging from the over 91,000 Canadians who have joined a Facebook group called "Fair Copyright for Canada." The group has organized protests, letter writing campaigns, and local chapters. The Vancouver Chapter is over 1,600 strong, and has met with most Metro Vancouver MPs, had a position paper on C-61's threats to free expression and privacy adopted by the B.C. Civil Liberties Association, and is putting together a list of frequently asked questions for the general public. Vancouver Chapter members range from highschool students to retirees, authors to programmers and musicians to lawyers. Canadians from all walks of life are getting involved.

Unfortunately, the government still isn't listening. Prentice refused to talk about copyright reform until the legislation was presented, saying he would answer questions once the bill was made public. After C-61 was tabled, he promised CBC Radio's show Search Engine ten minutes to answer questions. He dodged questions about the real world implications of his

legislation, then hung up the phone mid-question exactly ten minutes into the interview.

Ottawa has never really had a solid grasp on what the digital generation is up to with their cellphones, iPods, and internet. They've been slow to adopt to new technology and quick to regulate it, but largely they've been fumbling in the dark, always a few years behind the real creators and innovators.

C-61 changes all that. It stifles innovation and creativity, keeping it in one place where it can be easily tracked and monetized. It all boils down to a fundamental misunderstanding of what we stand to gain from an open Internet and liberal copyright laws, combined with a wilful ignorance of what we stand to lose by crippling the open systems that led to the rapid growth of these technologies. The government has declared war on the digital generation, and it's about time we fought back.

To find out more about the Vancouver Chapter of Fair Copyright for Canada, go to www.faircopy.ca.

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a journey to the end of taste

Let's Talk About Love by Carl Wilson

Simon Foreman

Like so many of us, Carl Wilson is passionate about the music he listens to. When he was first solicited to write an entry in the 33 1/3 series (in which classic albums such as *OK Computer* and *The Velvet Underground* and *Nico* are subjected to sustained, loving analysis and exploration), the Canadian music critic pitched a volume on one of his favourites: *Dub Housing*, an ominous, abrasive album, and the 1979 sophomore release by Cleveland art-punkers Pere Ubu. Despite the series' orientation toward the musical underground, the publisher rejected this as being "too obscure." Wilson responded by going in the opposite direction, and chose as his subject one of music's most popular, and most reviled, figures—Celine Dion.

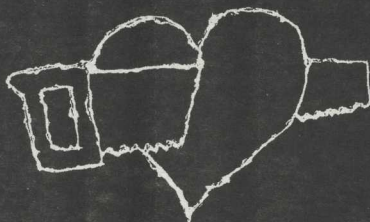
The result is a profound examination of Dion and her audience. More importantly, it also depicts the personal journey of Wilson as he explores his own emotions in his personal life, and his prejudices as a music critic. In profiling a number of Dion fans, including a gay San Francisco man and a Cambodian-born artist, Wilson is so touched by their intimate connection with the music that for a moment, he is compelled to ask, "What was the point again of all that nasty, life-negating crap I like?" His final revelation is that greater openness in artistic judgment can not only lead to a better balanced artistic life, but also a healthier personal life.

The saccharine star is approached from all angles in an effort to decrypt the mysteries of her staying power. Wilson explores Dion's background as a child performer and rising Québécoise star in the 1990s, and also manages to place her in a much wider cultural context. Chapters on the history of Québécois popular song, and American "schmaltz"—an overly sentimental strain of music introduced in the nineteenth century by the nation's new immigrants—come to a number of insightful conclusions. He draws an interesting comparison between Elvis Presley and Dion; the former united honest country songs with the crooning style of Italian opera, just as Dion has blended two competing styles of French-Canadian music: chanson, a still-popular nationalistic genre that gained massive popularity in the late 70s, and the lower-brow "variety song," a parallel style seen to belong to the more rural populace. Elsewhere, Wilson discusses her importance to the people of Québec, as she is representative of "a whole culture groping its way to self-determination."

For Wilson, these and other revelations call into question the very idea of musical and artistic taste. With the constant critical reappraisal of the tripe of yesteryear (e.g. ABBA) as merely misjudged at the time, the author articulates a crisis of faith of sorts: "If even Céline can be redeemed, is there no good or bad taste, or good or bad art?" The book itself is certainly a symptom of this crisis, but it is also a remarkably thoughtful study of it. How else can one explain a serious critical discourse on Dion by a man who, opens by lambasting her music as "R&B with the sex and slyness surgically removed"? Wilson delves into aesthetic philosophy, comparing Immanuel Kant's vision of an objective "common sense" of beauty with the ideas of French sociologist Pierre Bourdieu, which state that taste is ultimately social, and a means of higher societal classes for distancing themselves from those below. Each side of the coin is given a fair treatment, so that both adoration and condemnation of Dion's music are questioned in turn.

But it is the details of Wilson's private struggle to come to terms with Dion, as well as his own life experiences in the process, that make this book a true gem. His journey to the end of taste is also a beginning—of insight, acceptance, and self-examination of one's own preconceptions — for him and for the reader who chooses to follow. **D**

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HEAVY METAL IN BAGHDAD

There must be hordes of wannabe metalheads spread throughout the random cities and small towns of North America, dreaming of making it big and being worshipped as rock gods, wishing it wasn't so hard to be in a heavy metal band in Topeka, Kansas.

Dude. It might not be easy to be in a rock band in Topeka, Kansas, but it can't be that hard. Hard is a country where headbanging is crime that can get you put in jail for the rest of your life.

Heavy Metal in Baghdad is a documentary about Acrassicauda, Iraq's one and only heavy metal band. It is the feature film debut of its two co-directors, Canadians Eddy Moretti and Suroosh Alvi. Alvi is one of the founders of Vice, the monthly youth culture magazine started in Montreal in 1994. *Heavy Metal in Baghdad* is the first feature for Vice Films. It premiered at the 2007 Toronto International Film Festival before a worldwide release in May 2008.

Formed in 2001 under Saddam Hussein's regime, Acrassicauda consists of four young Iraqis: Firas Al-Lateef (bass), Tony Aziz (lead guitar), Marwan Riyak (drums), and Faisal Talal (guitar and vocals). Growing up in Baghdad, these boys learned to speak English watching American movies and listening to bootleg cassettes of bands like Slayer, Metallica and Iron Maiden.

Acrassicauda quickly learned how difficult it is to play in a place where music (and especially heavy metal) is haram (forbidden) — the band members received death threats for playing "American" music and dressing like Satan worshippers, forcing them to carry handguns to their practice space, the haven where they would "go to escape this life," hanging out and playing music for hours at a time. That is, until the space was hit by a Scud missile, reducing the building to rubble.

Considering all of this adversity, it is absolutely impossible not to be impressed by Acrassicauda's dedication to their music. The film cites a Washington Post report that since the fall of 2006, insurgents have been posting decrees throughout Baghdad, banning "Music-filled parties and all kinds of singing." Seventy-five Iraqi singers have been killed, and an estimated 80% of them have fled the country since the U.S. invasion. It's sort of like *Footloose*, but with AK-47s and car bombs instead of Kevin Bacon.

Probably the most fascinating aspect of *Heavy Metal in Baghdad* is the refreshingly new perspective it takes on the war in Iraq. I wasn't used to seeing this war covered from the point of view of the average Iraqi civilian, and I suspect this will be new to most viewers.

"You got the troops and you got the terrorists outside, and we are stuck in the middle," Riyak laments. "If I didn't play drum as hard as I could I would kill someone."

In the midst of all of the carnage and mayhem (Al-Lateef jokes that the cover of an Iron Maiden album looks like his life), their music is a vital outlet for their terror, rage and sorrow.

shaped by daniel fumane

Celluloid

Filming around Vancouver and its suburbs is so routine that the term Hollywood North has become cliché. Still, few would complain — Vancouver's film community has developed into a viable, and talented collective. Not only does the Celluloid Social Club give a glimpse into this community, but it allows one to thoroughly examine it.

The club is directed by host Brendan Beiser and producer/founder Paul Armstrong. After each film there is a Q-and-A, where audience members are given the opportunity to pick the brains of the filmmakers and their casts. The audience is often lively, asking questions about the type of cameras used, editing software, themes or even "Was that your actual butt in the film?" Although many films are submitted to Celluloid, only a select few are screened. Armstrong said people are "given the opportunity to see great short films that would not have otherwise been seen."

Armstrong's reason for starting the regular monthly screening was to give budding filmmakers the opportunity to network with each other and to gain insight from people already established people in the industry.

"Many filmmakers have met at the Anza club and then later worked together on projects," Armstrong said.

The initiative also brings in prominent members of the film community to demonstrate the value of persistence. This has included Bruce Macdonald showing his first student film and a former agent of the Rolling Stones showcasing his first Stones documentary.

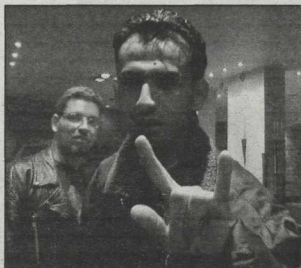
Among the many people who have benefited from networking at Celluloid is prolific TV actor Mackenzie Gray. Despite having played a leading role in the U.S. TV series *The Net*, Gray had no contacts in Vancouver's film industry. Now, most of the people he knows in the community he has met through Celluloid.

"It's a great place to meet young independent and old filmmakers," Gray said. "It's a whole mixed bag ... a great way to meet other people in the film community."

The opportunity to see local independent film, mingle with filmmakers and win prizes through a lottery draw is only five dollars away. Celluloid screens films at the Anza at 3 West 8th Ave. on the last Wednesday of most months. For more information go to www.celluloidsocialclub.com. **D**

From a metal fan's point of view, could the movie have had some more riffage? Maybe, but it's not really an issue, since the DVD extras contain plenty of footage of the band rocking out (and it's probably worth a mention that the band has some pretty serious chops, especially Aziz on guitar). Instead, the filmmakers have opted to focus more closely on the human aspect of the story, and from a cinematic and journalistic standpoint, this is incredibly effective.

It might be a disservice to a band this tough with a sound this heavy to say something as wimpy as "This movie makes a statement about the power of music." But, shit. *Heavy Metal in Baghdad* makes an intense, inspiring and profoundly moving statement about the power of music. Dude. **D**



GIANTESS BY JUSTIN LANGILLE

It's an intensely grey mid-August afternoon on Commercial Drive — as good a time as any for a discussion on rock and roll. At the moment, however, I'm finding my interview subject a bit preoccupied by everyday life. A tall, potbellied man with shocks of white hair is getting his flamboyantly groomed Chi-Poo (a Chihuahua/Poodle cross) to dance for a treat, which mesmerizes Stephen Wood, lead singer and guitarist for Vancouver outfit Giantess, in the process. "I'm sorry," he laughs. "This dog is distracting me." Eventually the sidshow ends, leaving me with the undivided attention of one of Canada's most methodical rock and roll inventors.

Wood is at ease, yet simultaneously engaged in the neighbourhood as he takes in the scenery. Sipping a cappuccino, he is enjoying a day off from his job at the Vancouver Art Gallery. Rock might be the last thing on his mind, but it's probably dwelling somewhere just beneath the surface. When he's not helping curators arrange cutting edge exhibits, he spends his time developing some of the country's most unique, studio-based rock bands. Wood formerly worked his songwriting magic as the Battles, along with local scene veterans Dan Bejar (Destroyer), Scott Morgan, Rob McBeth and Ted Hamilton. After meticulously recording the 2006 album *Tomorrow's Eager Hands* for Minneapolis label Soft Abuse, members of The Battles went their separate ways, leaving Wood with the opportunity to develop a new book of songs. Eventually, these creations were transformed into the guitar rock anthems of Giantess — with the help of some like-minded Vancouver musicians.

Recorded off the studio floor over a week-long time frame after playing together as a band for a year, Giantess' self-titled 2007 debut is a soulful record that could be seen as a contribution to the recent garage-rock revival of Alberta bands like Women and The Whitsundays. Wood's boisterous guitar riffs and Ted Hamilton's tight drums collide with John Margetts' bass, Clare Kenny's keyboards and Jaret Penner's guitar textures to produce a loose, lustrous guitar-centric sound that is grounded in band chemistry and classic pop songwriting. On heavy, up-tempo numbers like "Flex of Green" and the soaring "Forbidden

Intruder", Wood and his bandmates convey a sense of genuine joy in making music — this band is playing for the love of it in an era where other artists posture for Internet notoriety.

Just when I think that I might have Wood pinned as a nostalgist, he evades my assumptions. The sound of Giantess might be rooted in '60s and '70s influences, but he doesn't adhere to one paradigm when recording. Instead, Wood enjoys a more open working concept characteristic of today's more inventive ensembles.

"Bands do work well within certain parameters, like when you limit yourself to a songwriting style or you say, 'I'm only going to use this amp or this guitar,'" Wood says. "I've done that, and it works, but it's often a matter of what sounds good to me. If there's a little toy keyboard that plays great or has a desired effect, I'll play with that. When I first got a computer, I was recording the first Battles album on it within a week. If the Giantess album sounds old fashioned, it's because it's hard to refine songs that are purely digital."

Track for track Giantess' debut displays impressive aesthetic sophistication, simultaneously playing within a genre and transcending it. When I press Wood on the dramatic themes of comeuppance and unrequited love that occupy his lyrics, it becomes apparent that he approaches songwriting with the same creativity as he does recording. For him, crafting a good song requires all the devices of fiction.

"It's not all from me," he explains. "A lot of it is from a character's point of view. The trick is to put poignant things from your life inside of your music that won't totally expose you to the world. You have to hide behind some kind of character when you're writing — it would be too painful otherwise. I'm not an expert, but it's something that I think about all the time — how to lyrically pull one over and say something at the same time."

As an artist saturated with some of the more timeless aspects of rock and roll, Wood has

had to get used to bands' unpredictable shelf life. Since releasing the record, Giantess has effectively bowed out of the music scene, taking an indefinite leave from recording while members pursue PhDs, mortgages or new additions to their families. This sort of capitulation would devastate many musicians working to make a name for themselves. However, instead of letting it faze him, Wood is at peace with the decision.

"The album came out and we kind of broke up or disbanded," he says. "It's a tough thing to promote when you're no longer there. It depends on how you look at it: some people want to be a big splash right away, some want to have a body of work. I've always been more interested in a body of work than a big, killer album that will take the airwaves."

When I finally ask him what kind of music he listens to these days, he admits (with little regret) that he is sorely out of touch with today's pop music. While it seems odd to encounter a musician of Wood's talent with little interest in the contemporary music scene, he assures me that it's all part of his plan.

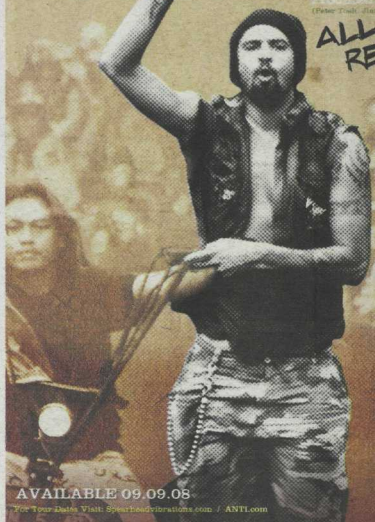
"Honestly, I don't think I have a pop album that's come out in the last two years that hasn't been given to me by a friend," he says. "I've always just found out about music somehow and then gone looking for it through record stores. That's the same kind of idea of what I want for my music — for someone to somehow find out about it, and then you go crawling through the record bins searching it out. To me, success is when someone finds a back catalogue of albums that I've done. If seven out of ten of them are good, then I'm happy with that." **D**



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can social ge

Outspoken folk musician Geoff Berner, hailed as the Bard of East Van, raised a few hackles during his visit to the Winnipeg Folk Festival in July. Berner is an accordion playing folk singer whose lyrics are as funny and insightful as they are deliberately provocative. Disorder's Val Cormier caught up with Berner to chat about his upcoming CD, and to hear what exactly it was that stirred folks up in the 'Peg.

Disorder: What can you tell us about the new CD?

Well, it's the finale of a trilogy, and the name will probably be *Klezmer Mongrels*. This trilogy started with *Whiskey Rabbi*, then *Wedding Dance of the Widow Bride*. This is a vision of where I think Jewish folk music is going. It's political and dirty and rough. It's both more traditional and more transgressive at the same time.

What's the significance of the title, *Klezmer Mongrels*?

Whiskey Rabbi was primarily about drinking and human weakness, and celebrating human weakness. *Widow Bride* was largely about women, and fortune. So you've got the booze, you've got the women. In *Klezmer Mongrels* the central motif is children, which is the natural result of booze plus women!

There's strict rules about what klezmer [ed. usually a genre associated with traditional Eastern European Jewish music] can and cannot be and my music doesn't fit those narrow parameters of so-called authenticity. So it becomes an album about questions of authenticity and celebration of purity, or impurity.

When klezmer was at its height, it had no rules of purity. It was a constantly changing beast: a brew of tango, Turkish music, traditional music of whatever country the Jews were living in, Jewish sacred music, and whatever else they could throw in.

This is a more hard-driving party record. We'll be touring Europe in October, then we plan to put the record out on Jericho Beach Music in early 2009. Then we'll do a full Canadian tour, soup to nuts.

Sounds great! Let's talk about the Winnipeg Folk Festival. How did you like it?

It was my first time there and I did like it. It's kind of like the Big One in the folk music world. My first performance was as a "tweener", basically you're

Humorism still be funny?

of Berner

by ual cormier

playing while the band is setting up. I also did some workshops and a concert set. They do a lot of cool stuff at the campgrounds, late night stages that were really cool. I did both Glastonbury and Winnipeg festivals for the first time this year and I'd definitely go back to Winnipeg.

That "tweener" performance got you some press and generated a lot of discussion on the Internet among folkies. What happened?

Well, there happened to be a big Volkswagen sign on the side of the stage, directly behind where the tweeners would stand. I knew the sign was there.

I had two songs planned: "The Dead Children Were Worth It" (a.k.a. Official Theme Song for the 2010 Olympic Games) and "Magnet Line". I wanted to get the message across about the 2010 Olympics to this crowd. "Magnet Line" I'd done at the Edmonton Folk Festival and I thought it had gone over well.

I know these festivals all take the corporate money and stuff but there's a continuum of how overt it is. Having the huge VW sign, like you are part of the sign, is at the high end of the spectrum. When that's happened in the past, it was my little gag to play some obscene little song, then say, "That song was brought to you by Canada Trust", or whatever sponsor. It's just a joke! It just seemed like a natural thing to say in Winnipeg after the "dead children" song. People laughed, or were horrified, or whatever.

Then I went into "Magnet Line" and the second verse: "and it wasn't very long at all until Mr. Hitler came to call". Then it suddenly occurred to me: Mr. Hitler, the guy who ordered Volkswagen into being. It seemed like a natural joke to make - "You remember Mr. Hitler, don't you? He was the one who brought you Volkswagen!" So everybody laughed, or was horrified, but it's all part of the fun. I didn't stand up on stage and read a sermon to the people about the evils of corporate sponsorship.

You know, all this goes back to how my life was changed by the Vancouver Folk Festival, going there for the first time and seeing Billy Bragg. He was political but not banging you on the head about it. He could write beautiful love songs and when he wanted to, he could be hilarious. He told stories that were both deep and entertaining. So it was just the kind of joke a political folksinger makes.

No kidding! Surely the festival that hired you must have known what you're like?

Oh yeah, it's in the bio, so I just said it and then all kinds of shit started hitting the fan as soon as I got off the stage. I was informed that the sponsors were not happy.

The folk festival staff were not trying to tell me that I was a bad boy, they were just telling me their job was about to get considerably harder, you know? I was surprised; I didn't think it was significant. But [Volkswagen] weren't fine about it, apparently. There was a massive shit storm!

People attending the festival kept coming up to me and talking to me about it afterwards. They were uniformly positive. However, somebody from festival staff did say, "You know what, could you lay off the sponsors for the rest of the festival? Could you like give us a break?"

Did you?

Well, yeah, why tell the same joke twice? I might have made a couple of jokes about not saying anything, but I didn't say anything.

Basically, I feel like I'm part of the folk festival movement in Canada. It's like a big tent, a large family of left-wing views, belief in community, environmentalism and other things that are part of that movement. I'm a socialist and I'm personally against corporate sponsorship of folk festivals, because I don't like corporate influence in the public sphere. But I'm not against it to the point where I would throw the baby out with the bath water.

I'm not out to screw the people of the Winnipeg Folk Festival. The fact is that the politics I have now come from the folk festival movement to some extent. But I want them to be keeping, so if I have a disagreement with them, it's a disagreement within a family.

Is there a line you wouldn't cross when it comes to corporate sponsorship?

Our whole band got dropped from a local agency because we wouldn't ride with Export A. We were offered a free van, several hundred dollars extra per show. Everybody was taking that money, but we said no.

In the end you have to go with your gut and then justify it retroactively. I was willing to play in front of the Volkswagen symbol as long as I got to say what I wanted to say. Volkswagen is one of the most progressive car



companies in the world, owned mostly by its own union. I was making fun of them mostly because of that past Hitler connection.

There's an eternal covenant between Jews and the German people. We now get to make fun of them for the rest of eternity, and it's understood. Who can argue with that?

Did you hear anything directly from the sponsors?

The festival staff insulated me from all that. My feeling at the beginning of all this was that [Volkswagen] couldn't give a shit about some folksinger playing the accordion, but apparently there were problems. My point about the whole sponsorship deal is that if someone can make a couple of little jokes and it stirs up things to this extent, it makes it hard to believe the claim that corporate sponsorship doesn't influence programming.

Do you think this episode might affect your ability to get hired by festivals down the road?

I suppose only time will tell how judgmental people will be about me making a couple of cracks from the stage. I can imagine there might be a couple more chats before I hit the stage where somebody goes: "Okay, you're going out there, Geoff. We've got Sponsor X poster up there. The rep is in the crowd."

Other than cuss words, nobody in the folk world's ever told me what not to play. I've always been trusted to play what I want. **D**

Geoff Berner's next local appearance will be at the 1st Accordion Noir Festival at the Railway Club on Oct. 3. For more info visit www.geoffberner.com.

hanson

fans

Appalling: baby-cute in 1998, Zac Hanson (of "MMMBop" fame) is today 22, has married and had his first son.

Surprising: Hanson and his older brothers Taylor and Isaac might just be the most genuine band on today's stage. Disbelievers, read on.

Discovered while busking at South by Southwest — not a chest hair between them — their early success is a rare story of talent and hard work. Not child sensations, just plain old good. Yet, screaming teenage girls rarely foster musical credibility. Despite continued commercial success (Grammy nominations, Billboard charts, blah blah blah) their pop culture identity stuck like your worst grade school photo. Hello, pigeonhole.

Choosing musical freedom over fame and fortune, Hanson parted with their label in 2003 and promptly fell off the earth. Screaming girls are hard to dissuade and continued to follow the band. At Hanson's March 2008 South by Southwest show, screaming teenyboppers had matured into unaccompanied hipster hotties. A music nerd could find his dream girl at a Hanson show if he didn't mind her dedication to soulful brotherly harmony.

Hanson went on to release two credible indie albums, *Strong Enough To Break* and *Taking The Walk*. Replacing chart hits and stadiums with iTunes releases and small pubs has satisfied both Hanson and their devotees.

Fan Amber Beheler hazards, "They don't get a lot of casual listeners."

While many fans grew up and moved on, for those that remain, "teenyboppers at heart" like Beheler, there is no better tonic. Eldest band member Isaac, 28, says on the band website, "The first music you really fall in love with is more than just music." Too true. Hanson fans enjoy an enviable history with the band; the two have grown up together. A lasting popularity is little surprise.

A teenage girl could have seriously erred in 1997 (Nick Carter...Nick Lachey?!). Hanson represented something else, though: discernible talent and old-fashioned values. Hanson fandom lives on in a community of Google-happy girls hunting for band gossip.

"There is the occasional 'stalker' type [and] screaming girl," Lainie Heinzen says to explain her fellow fans. "Yet, we've grown up and have matured."

The growing maturity of all parties is clear in the recent 2007 documentary, *Taking The Walk*, which details exactly how one might make a successful indie record from scratch (call in Billy Joel's producer, Danny Kortchmar). [ed. I'll get right on that.] Available for free on iTunes, Hanson's songwriting and musical professionalism keep them miles removed from expired 'boy band' claims. Gone are the flowing locks of yore. Today, it's just about the music. It was never about the money. The band is championing the fight against the African AIDS endemic — with iTunes proceeds from the single "Great Divide" going to the cause.

Barely pubescent in 1997's shoving stadium throngs, the group now brings their 6.5 kids touring (Hanson v2.0?). At their Sept. 10 Commodore show, expect to enjoy a convenient collision of fans practiced in outright worship, paired with seriously good musicians. Not much has changed. **D**

by Lauren Roberts

artist's rendering of
the hanson brothers
circa 1989



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STREETLIGHT



BY NATHAN PIKE

I think this is what's considered the French toast chicken," says Streetlight guitarist Gavin Busby, referring to the deep fried, but oh-so delicious, chicken wings at Chinatown's Phnom Penh. It's a warm August night and I have gathered with three members of this fresh-on-the-scene Vancouver band for some empty carbs, protein and a friendly chat.

A little over a year into its current incarnation and having just released their debut album *Strange Spells* in March, Streetlight carry with them the excitement of having a solid lineup and music to be proud of. And fine music it is, playing a little like a throwback to early '80s Cure or to the heyday of britpop. *Strange Spells* will grow on you like that awkwardly beautiful sweater your cool grandma bought you for your birthday. You wear it because it's classy and looks damned good on you — it's the sweater that saved your hide and made you feel better about yourself.

For Streetlight, becoming a full-fledged band was a matter of timing and waiting for the right people to come along. It started with a couple of friends and some word of mouth.

"I knew [Busby's] sister, and he had heard through her that I had some songs I was quietly working on," singer/guitarist Basil Waugh says. "So, early in 2006 after [Busby] had moved here from Victoria, he just asked me if I wanted to start a band."

The two didn't have a huge musical community to fish from. Busby had played in punk bands in Victoria and Waugh had musical friends, but most of them had moved to Montreal or started families long ago.

"We would bring in random folks we found through Craigslist and the few musicians we knew, and we met a lot of great people that way," Waugh says. "But it was when we would jam with our friends that we seemed to click the most."

And so friends gathered to play music, eventually forming a band. From there, an album was conceived. Soon after the recording of *Strange Spells*, bassist

Damon Henry left to play the family man in Victoria and old friend Tyler Wier stepped in to replace him.

"I didn't even know Tyler had a musical background!" Waugh laughs.

"I was kind of doing the same thing as [Waugh], playing a little here and there through high school and university," Wier reminisces. "I knew [Waugh] was looking to start a band and I'd always sort of half-jokingly tease him because he was always writing these great songs. So I'd periodically ask when we'd get a band together because I really was interested in the stuff he was doing."

"Before this lineup it was just Basil and I jamming out on a couple of guitars," Busby tells me. "A number of the songs that are on *Spells* came from those sessions of us sitting in a room and playing. And now, as this band and in this current lineup, it feels like all of that material and even the new stuff is coming much more naturally."

"I sat in on a few sessions and because we were already close friends it seemed like a natural fit," Wier says. "And it was fun! I was playing good music with my good friends!"

It's not hard to see this in the easy camaraderie that these guys have with each other as we eat platefuls of deep fried meat and drink pints of beer. The excitement is infectious as they talk about their band and the direction they're headed. In fact, the band is already focusing on playing new material at shows and getting ready to record a new EP.

"We're really excited about the new stuff," Busby says. "It's forward moving music that's fun to play and already we're able to hear a marked difference in how we've grown together as a band." **D**

You can catch these gentlemen doing what they love to do on Sept. 3 at The Railway. Check www.myspace.com/streetlightband for further listings.

WE'RE LOOKING FOR A NEW ART DIRECTOR!

Disorder is a special project of CTR 101.9 FM, the campus and community radio station at the University of British Columbia. Disorder is published 11 times a year by UBC's Student Radio Society and distributed for free throughout Vancouver, with a circulation of 7,000.

Duties

The Art Director is responsible for the layout, design and overall look of Disorder magazine on a monthly basis. This includes typesetting the copy, commissioning all art and photography, designing the spreads and laying out the pagination. The Art Director will work closely with the Production Manager on all of these tasks, and will direct volunteers to help with layout and typesetting as needed. The Art Director is required to attend Disorder meetings, and must be available the last weekend of each month for production.

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This is a demanding volunteer position that requires a serious commitment. The successful candidate will have a background in art and design, and have experience working with Adobe InDesign CS3. Knowledge of independent and local music, art and culture is an asset.

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SHADOW JUGGLERS (Dance/Electronic) 7-9pm
This eclectic show welcomes you to broaden your musical knowledge with DJs MP, Socool, Soe & guests. We work across musical genres including elec-

tronic and club-based music, which are rarely introduced into mainstream musical culture. Travel through world sounds. mypsico.ca/shadowjugglers
SYNAPTIC SANDWICH (Dance/Electronic/Eclectic) 9-11pm
Every show is full of eclectic bleeps, retrowave, computer generated, synthetically manipulated aural rhythms. If you like everything from electro/techno/trance/80s music/retro '80s this is the show for you!
www.synaptic Sandwich.net
BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT (Hip Hop) 11pm-1am
Hosted by J-Boogie and Joelboy, promising listeners the latest tracks, the classics, the rare and the obscure, current events, and the special features of peeps coming into the studio. Most importantly listeners can expect to be entertained... church. kimlivi@gmail.com

sunday	monday	tuesday	wednesday	thursday	fr
	1 Victory Square Block Party @ Hastings & Cambie Stanley Park Singing Fest @ Malkin Bowl	2 Battles @ Richard's	3 Fake Jazz @ The Cobalt Fringe Festival Opening Night! Gale @ Granville Island Stage	4 GTR All Ages Dance Party @ SUB Party Room The Black Crowes @ Orpheum Theatre	5 The Clips, No Go Macaness Field Afrika Bambaatae
7 Fucked Up, Crystal Antlers @ Richard's TV On the Radio @ The Commodore	8 Creature @ the Gallery	9 The Juan Maclean @ Richard's	10 Fake Jazz @ The Cobalt Hanson @ the Commodore	11 Old Time Religion, Role Mach, ShEaring PUNK @ The Biltmore	12 Grand Archivist
14 Bad Religion @ The Commodore	15 Against Me! @ Croatian Cultural Centre	16 Shindig #1 @ the Railway Fleet Foxes @ Richard's Alejandro Escovedo @ The Biltmore	17 CSS, Tilly & The Wolf @ The Commodore CSS DJ Set @ Republic Common, N.E.R.D @ Malkin Bowl	18 New Farm Festival Begins The Raconteurs @ Malkin Bowl Olderkin River Sea Wolf @ Richard's	19 D.O.A. @ The Co Portland, Mulan Fund Of Tigers, S Open Studios
21 Ra Ra Riot @ Media Club	22 Breakfast with the Browns 20th Anniversary Radio Show (8-11 a.m.)	23 Shindig #2 @ the Railway	24 Novillero, The Details @ The Bourbon	25 Cadence Weapon, Woodhounds @ Richard's Sold the Whistle @ Chan Centre A Place To Bury Strangers, Siem Alice Group, Japandroids @ The Biltmore	26 Blink, Trueman the Astoria
28 Cold War Kids @ Richard's Cancer Bats w/ Black Lungs @ Media Club	29	30 Shindig #3 @ the Railway Mission of Burma @ Plaza			

SEPTEMBER 2008



Friday

Saturday

10 The Matinee @

12 Shine

14 The Biltmore

16 The Astoria
Secret Mommy @

18 Stolen Minks @

6

Mopwar, Fuck Buttons @ The Commodore

Oxford Collapse, Love An Laughter @
The Media Club

13

Shearwater @ St. James Hall
You Say Party! We Say Die!, Winter Gloves
& Beasts @ Pin Pub
Katherine, Hello Blue Roses, Les Beyond
@ VIVO

20

Elliptic Brood @ Richard's
Secretaries, The Green Hour @ The Anza

27

New Forms Festival Ends
We Are Wolves @ The Bourbon
Liam Finn, The Veils @ The Biltmore



SUNDAY

TANA RADIO (World) 9-10am

SHOOKSHOOKA (Talk) 10-11am

A program which targets Ethiopian people and aims at encouraging education and personal development in Canada.

KOL NODEDI (World) 11am-12pm

Beautiful arresting beats and voices emanating from all continents, corners, and voids. East Asia. South Asia. Africa. The Middle East. Europe. Latin America. Gypsy. Fusion. Always rhythmic, always captivating. Always crossing borders.

THE ROCKERS SHOW (Reggae) 12-3pm

Reggae inna all styles and fashion.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE (Roots) 3-5pm

Real roots caught-in-ya-boots country.

SHAMELESS (Eclectic) 5-6pm

Dedicated to giving any local music act in Vancouver a crack at some airplay. When not playing the PR shirk, you can hear some loves you never knew you liked.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING (Pop) 5-6pm

British pop music from all decades. International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.). 80s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet-set holiday now!

SAINT TROPEZ (Pop) 5-6pm

Welcome to St. Tropez! Playing understated music from several decades!

QUEER FM (Talk) 5-6pm

Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues, and great music.

RHYTHMISINDA (World) 8-9pm

Rhythmsinda features a wide range of music from India, including popular music from the 1930s to the present; Ghazals and Bhajans, Qawwalis, pop, and regional language numbers.

ALL AWESOME IN YOUR EARS 9pm

MONDO TRASHO (Eclectic) 9-10pm

The one and the only Mondo Trasho with Maxwell Maxwell—don't miss it!

TRANSCENDANCE (Dance) 10pm-12am

Join us in practicing the ancient art of rising above common ideas as your host DJ Smiley Mike lays down the latest trance cuts.

SUNDIAL FLOODLIGHT (Eclectic) 12-2am

Dedicated to all things drone.

MONDAY

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS (Eclectic) 8-11am

Sept. 22nd Celebrate 20 Years on the Air with the Browns.

Time in and be surprised. 20th Anniversary Party, time, date and place is a.

GROUND CONTROL (Eclectic) 11-12pm

Fun and independent music supported by a conversational monologue of information, opinion and anecdote focusing on the here, the now, and the next week.

ALTERNATIVE RADIO (Talk) 12-1pm

Hosted by David Bernstein.

PARTS UNKNOWN (Pop) 1-3pm

Parts Unknown, an indie pop show that has been on CTR since 1999, is like a marshmallow sandwich: soft and sweet and best enjoyed when poked with a stick and held close to a fire.

LET'S GET BAKED (Talk) 3-4pm

Vegan baking with "rock stars" like Laura Peak, The Food Jammers, Knock Knock and The Superlatastics and more.

THE RIB (Eclectic) 4-5pm

Explore the avant garde world of music with host Robyn Jacob on **The Rib**. From new electronic and experimental music to improvised jazz and new classical! So weird it could blow your mind!

NEWS 101 (News/Talk) 5-5:30pm

Vancouver's only live, volunteer-produced news and community newscast. Every week, we take a look back at the week's local, national and international news, as seen from a fully independent perspective.

CAREER FAST TRACK (Talk)

5:30-6pm

SOME SOUND (Indie Rock) 6-7:30pm

SON OF NITE DREAMS (Eclectic) 6-7:30pm

Join jolly John Tanner, radio survivor for almost half a century now heard alternating Mondays with an eclectic musical mix of many eras from the 50s to today.

RADIO FREE GAK (Indie rock) 7:30-9pm

THE JAZZ SHOW (Jazz) 9pm-12am

Vancouver's longest running prime-time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-savvy Gavin Walker.

Features at 11pm.

Sept 1: The Duke Ellington Orchestra opens September with "A Concert in the Virgin Islands"

Sept 8: One of the great working bands of the 1980s: the Tenor saxophonist George Adams and pianist Don Pullen-led quartet.

Sept 15: We honour the memory of jazz icon Julian "Cannonball" Adderley, who would be celebrating his 80th birthday today.

Sept 22: Maestro Leonard Bernstein's iconic "What is Jazz?"

Sept 29: The late Walt Dickerson performs with piano, bass and drums on this groundbreaking recording: "Teletivity"

VENGEANCE IS MINE (Punk) 12-2am

Going on 9 years strong, this is your home for all the best of the world of punk rock has to offer.

TUESDAY

PACIFIC PICKIN' (Roots) 6-8am

Blugrass, old-time music, and its derivative with Arthur and the lovely Andrea Berman.

GIVE 'EM THE BOOT (World) 8-9:30am

Sample the various flavours of Italian folk music. Una programma bilingue che esplora il mondo della musica folk italiana.

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM (Rock) 9:30-11:30am

Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A harmless note may make you a fan!

Deedlier than the most dangerous criminal.

MORNING AFTER SHOW (Eclectic) 11:30am-1pm

An eclectic mix of indie with rock, experimental, world, reggae, o'ink and ska from Canada, Latin America and Europe. Local bands play live on the *Morning After Sessions*.

LAUGH TRACKS (Talk) 1-2pm

Laugh tracks is a show about comedy. Kipin Nesterfield from the "Zine Generation" Exploitation, hosts.

REAL TO REAL (Talk) 2-3pm

Movie reviews and criticism.

NATIVE SOLIDARITY NEWS (Talk) 3-4pm

A national radio service and part of an international network of information and action in support of indigenous peoples' survival and dignity.

WINGS (Talk) 4-4:30pm

WENER'S BARBEQUE (Sports) 4:30-6pm

Time in each week to hear Dayl Wener talk about the world of sports. I'll discuss everything from the Vancouver Canucks to the World Rock Paper Scissors Championship.

FLEX YOUR HEAD (Hardcore) 6-8pm

Punk rock and hardcore since 1989. Bands and guests from around the world.

SALARIO MINIMO (World) 8-10pm

The best rock in Spanish show in Canada since 2000. None of that tropical stuff here. No accents imitations!

CAUGHT IN THE RED (Rock) 10-12pm

Trawling the trash heap of over 50 years' worth of rock 'n' roll debris. Dig it!

AURAL TENTACLES (Eclectic) 12-6am

It could be, global, trance, spoken word, rock, unusual and the weird, or it could be something different. Hosted by Di Pierre.

WEDNESDAY

SUBURBAN JUNGLE (Eclectic) 8-10am

Live from the Jungle Room, join radio host Jack Velvet for an eclectic mix of music, sound bites, information and insanity. Not to be missed!

CiTR
101.9FM

Program
guide

CiTR
101.9FM

You can listen to CiTR online at www.citr.ca or on the air at 101.9 FM

Sunday

Monday

6am			
7am	BBC		BBC
8am			
9am	TANA RADIO		BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS
10am	SHOOKSHOOKA		
11am	KOL NODEDI		GROUND CONTROL
12pm			ALTERNATIVE RADIO
1pm	THE ROCKERS SHOW		PARTS UNKNOWN
2pm			
3pm	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	SHAMELESS	LET'S GET BAKED
4pm			THE RIB
5pm	CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING	SAINT TROPEZ	NEWS 101
6pm			CAREER FAST TRACK
7pm	QUEER FM		SOME SOUND
8pm	RHYTHMISINDA	ALL AWESOME	SON OF NITE DREAMS
9pm			
10pm	MONDO TRASHO		
11pm	TRANSCENDANCE		
12am			
1am	SUNDIAL FLOODLIGHT		VENGEANCE IS MINE
2am			
3am			
4am	CiTR RE-BROADCAST		CiTR RE-BROADCAST
5am			

THURSDAY

END OF THE WORLD (Talk) 8-10am

SWEET AND HOT (Laz) 10-12pm

Sweet dance music and hot jazz from the 1920s, 30s and 40s.

DUNCAN'S DONUTS (Eclectic) 12-1pm

Sweet treats from the world around. Hosted by Duncan, sponsored by donuts. duncansdonuts.wordpress.com

WE ALL FALL DOWN (Eclectic) 1-2pm

Punk rock, indie pop, and whatever else I deem worthy. Hosted by a closet nerd.

INK STUDS (Talk) 2-3pm

Indie Studs focuses on underground and indie comix. Each week, we interview a different creator to get their unique perspective on comix and discuss their own interesting and upcoming works.

CRIMES & TREASONS (Hip Hop) 3-5pm

crimesandtreasures@gmail.com

MY SCIENCE PROJECT (Talk) 5-6pm

Zoom a little zoom on the My Science Project, rocket ship, piloted by your host, Julia, as we navigate eccentric, under-exposed, always relevant, and plainly cool scientific research, technology, and poetry (subscriptions welcome).

PEPIL REVOLUTIONARY (Talk) 5-6pm

pedalrevolutionary@gmail.com

STEREOSCOPIC REDOUT (Rock) 5-7:30pm

Psychdelic, acid punk, freebeat, prog and other grotesque and socially relevant artifacts from 1985 to today, with a particular emphasis on Vancouver's fresh folk with pride.

EXQUISITE CORPSE (Experimental) 7:30-9pm

Experimental, radio-art, sound collage, field recordings, etc.

Recommended for the insane.

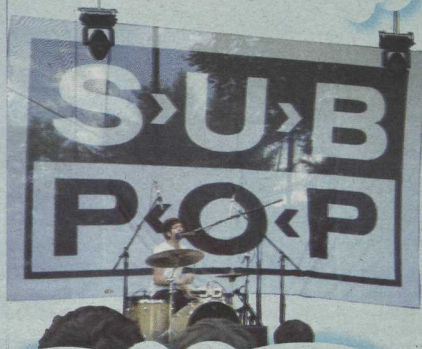
artcorpses@yahoo.com



SUMMER FESTIVALS 2008



by luke meat photos by mo gillies



SUB POP

the hype machine turns 20

"Up to that time everyone played it really safe, all the small labels. 'Well, we'll put out a single every three months and sell a thousand copies of it and that's cool because I've got my day job.' Jon [Poneman] and Bruce [Pavitt] were having none of that. They said 'We don't wanna work day jobs. We don't want our hands to work day jobs. We want them out there on the road. We want them in the big magazines. We want their records everywhere. It is punk rock, but we don't care. We wanna make it bigger than punk rock.'"

—Photographer Charles Peterson on the origin of Sub Pop Records.

With over 700 releases and 20 years under their belts, Sub Pop threw a two-day outdoor birthday festival displaying the vastness of the groups they have signed over the last two decades. Bands that I thought I would never see in my lifetime were reuniting just to play one time only. Missing this weekend was not an option.

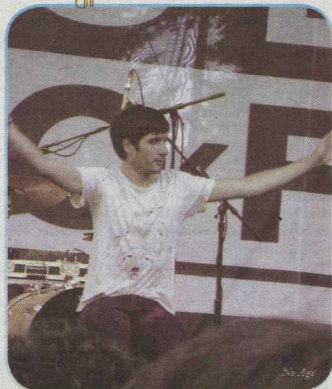
Saturday July 12

We awoke to one of the most gorgeous days Seattle has seen all year. Our hotel offer a shuttle out to Marymoor Park, in Redmond, Washington where the fest took place. Marymoor is HUGE, populated with old school-grungers and neo-hipsters alike. We toured around the various booths selling typical Seattle fare: KEXP, Register to Vote (actually it could have read Register to Vote FOR OBAMA), Sub Pop have a booth that's selling vinyl.

The first band on the bill was Drive Like Jehu ex-pats The Obits. They play very driving straight-forward rock which started the fest off perfectly. The Constantines played a very pretty, very restrained set until fellow Canuck Julie Doiron took them on stage. I have no idea what meds she has been taking lately, but she sure has cheered the fuck up since the last decade. This segued perfectly into Eric's Trip, who won the award for "Band that looks exactly the same as they did when they started 17 years ago." I've always admired Sub Pop's attention to bands from Canada, and I don't think our country has disappointed them, or their fans for that matter.

The second stage kicked off with punk-grungers Seaweed reuniting and making me realize how much my tastes have changed since I last bought one of their records. We had VIP access so during the rest of Seaweed's set we nipped backstage where we indulged in free drinks, ribs and conversation. All the glitterati were there, past and present. I tried to interview Kim Thyail from Soundgarden; he declined but offered me a drink instead. Class act.

We raced back to catch Pissed Jeans, a favorite of mine for the last couple of years. Their blistering set—as well as the sun—melted our faces. The Fluid took me back to my high school years when they bust out "Static Cling". I start moshing, while sitting down.





Comets on Fire

I've never been a big Low fan so we snuck back for more drinks. Good thing we did, because we needed the inebriation to tame Mudhoney's onslaught. To quote Mark Arm in Doug Pray's wonderful documentary *Hype*: "You sing about dogs. You sing about being sick. You have a schtick and 3 chords. You'll make it." Mudhoney has maintained that philosophy for 20 years and it made them the best band at the festival (or of all time for that matter).

The most anticipated group on the weekend's bill were Scotland's The Vaselines. They are not technically a Sub Pop band. But, if Sub Pop had not (at Kurt Cobain's insistence) put out the delightful collection *The Way of the Vaselines*, I doubt the world would have a clue who they are. The duo's charm and sexuality oozed through classics such as "Rory Rides Me Raw" and "Monster-pussy".

Iron and Wine's set was glacially paced, but it was quite a beautiful accompaniment to the sunset.

Flight of the Conchords closed the evening. I am a fan of the TV show, but I've always thought that when their songs are taken out of context, they just aren't that funny—or good. Every female in the audience disagreed with me. Any gesture, murmur or movement Jaineme Clement and Bret McKenzie made... you'd have thought you were at a Jonas Brothers concert.

Sunday July 13

I awoke with a familiar American beer hangover. Sub Pop made their own ale for the weekend entitled *Loser* and I guess I indulged a little.

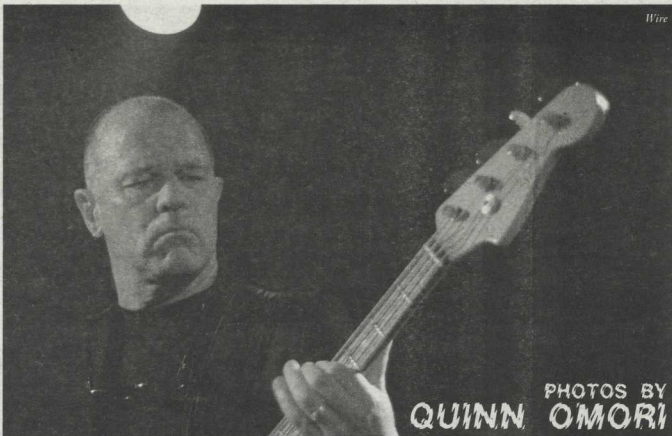
We caught The Ruby Suns' and Grand Archives' set but both bands were fairly non-descript. I was ready for some more *Loser* by then and enjoyed one during Kinski's set, which showcased both old and new material. The crowd went bananas when members Matthew Schwartz and Barrett Wilke spazzed out on the electric flute and gong, respectively.

I saw Les Thugs open for Girls Against Boys at The Starfish Room back in '95 and they positively mopped the floor with them. They show no signs of slowing down, chugging out their Parisian garage rock—talk of a new release makes me very happy.

No Age followed and proved that Sub Pop still know what's going on in the world of the younger listeners. They had the Pitchfork/American-Apparel crowd in rapture with their two-piece shoegaze melodies.

I was anxiously waiting for Comets On Fire. Their album *Blue Cathedral* was my pick for "Best Release of 2004" and I had never seen them before. It was worth the wait. Cacophonous psychedelic guitars seared while Echoplex vocals ping-ponged around us. Why hadn't I scored any hash?

Green River brought Seattle back to its roots, and I do believe we will see an actual grunge renaissance in the next couple of years. By this point I was getting a little tired of music, so I wandered around the grounds while Wolf Parade closed the night. I purchased a copy of *Blotch* on vinyl for ten bucks. It was the first Sub Pop album I ever bought (on cassette) after seeing Nirvana open for Sonic Youth at the sadly defunct New York Theatre in '91. They say you can't go back, and Sub Pop isn't trying to. They're simply doing what they always do: making it bigger than "punk rock". **D**



PHOTOS BY QUINN OMORI



SLED ISLAND

For the second year in a row, Zak Pashak, who also transformed the Biltmore from a total dive into a potential live gem, threw a party called Sled Island in his hometown. Last year, the fest boasted the likes of the Boredoms, Cat Power, and Les Savy Fav, and the 2008 line-up somehow managed to live up to the lofty expectations set in the event's inaugural year. Disorder made the trek to Calgary to give you the lowdown on the best Canadian music festival this side of Ontario. The festival took place over three days in a variety of Calgary venues.

Yo La Tengo @ the Pumphouse

Yo La Tengo are great live any night of the week, but their performance in Calgary was something truly special, as it was one of the rare sets where they turned down the volume and seated themselves for a self-described "Freewheelin' Acoustic Q-and-A" show. The audience was given free reign to ask whatever was on their minds and the band followed with a host of entertaining answers (even to the most awkwardly posed questions) that led, spontaneously, into songs. Those songs ranged from YLT favourites like "Stockholm Syndrome" to live rarities like "Damage" to a handful of eclectic covers, including a blistering (can acoustic songs be blistering?) version of Neil Young's "For the Turnstiles."

Quinn Omori

Basketball @ Broken City

The trio—who performed as a four-piece in Calgary with Cam Reed (ex-Hot Loins) beefing up the rhythm section—were in fine form during an early Thursday night set. When they performed under their old moniker, the Raking Bombs, they displayed a very strong (maybe too strong) influence from At the Drive-In. But in their new incarnation, that sound has been jettisoned in favor of a more worldly mix of crashing drums, tribal percussion, and droning guitars and synths. My hometown bias left me smiling the whole time, but I wasn't the only one. In fact, Cowtown's opinion of Basketball could be nicely summed up by a young man who, when exiting the area in front of the stage, quipped to his friend, "See? We don't have that. That's why Calgary's music scene sucks."

QO

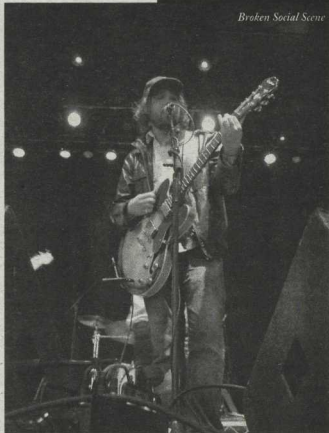




Alex Smith

Former Jesus, Lizard/Scratch Acid frontman David Yow is well known for drunken antics and hard living, and despite having recently suffered a punctured lung, he made sure to live up to his reputation. After spewing beer into the crowd, mauling a female audience member and inexplicably disappearing from the stage, Yow's visage settled into a crooked leer as he snarled his way through Qui's set. Musically, the show was dead on, as drummer Paul Christensen and guitarist Matt Cronk provided a monolithic backdrop to the spectacle. With occasional contributions from Yow on the bass, Qui whipped the crowd into a frenzy, and we left bruised, sweaty and thoroughly satisfied with the proceedings.

AS



This pairing of Broken Social Scene with Scott Kannberg (formerly of Pavement, now performing as Spiral Stairs) had all the marks of an epic indie supergroup (as if BSS weren't already "super" enough). Unfortunately, Human Milk (as the one-off was called) was plagued by technical glitches and general awkwardness. Kannberg just didn't seem to belong, and although indie-rock grandpa Brendan Canning pulled off a credible stage-dive and crowd surf (which he dedicated to the aforementioned David Yow), the performance was mostly forgettable. It's worth mentioning that my colleague Quinn slept through the whole show, waking up only for the rousing set closer "It's All Gonna Break", a perennial live highlight for BSS.

AS



Our own resource for our own scene.

show listings • promoters • resources • message board • gear buy & sell & more!
get a gig • find someone to jam with • book a show • read a review • see who's coming to town
updated daily by the musicians, promoters and fans that make up our music communities!

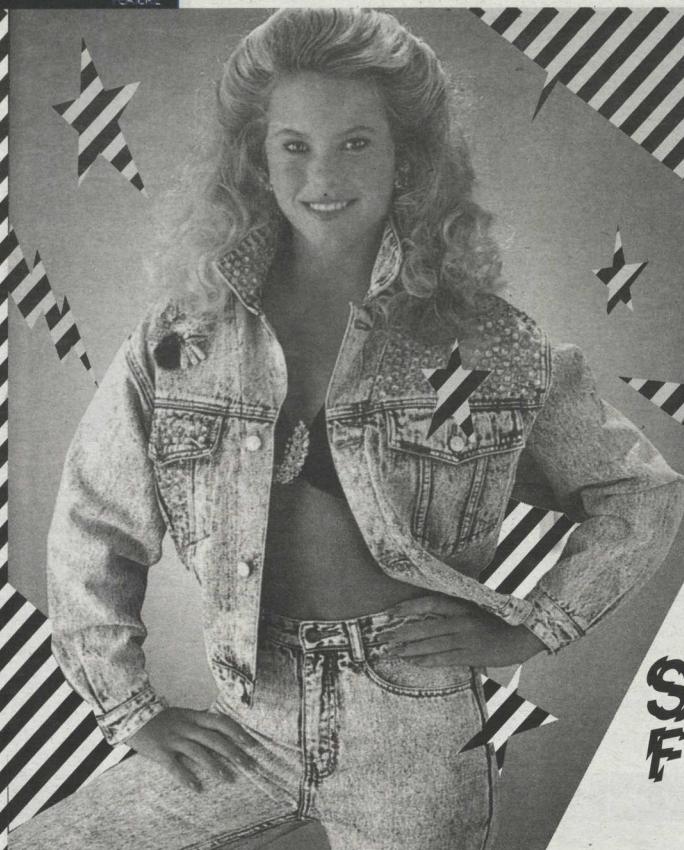
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Discorder **21**

00

There is always some apprehension when going to see a favoured, but aging, band perform – nobody wants to be disappointed by sagging musicianship or sagging faces. For their part, post-punk legends Wire wasted no time in dispelling any doubts with a spirited performance, including a good amount of newer material. Like contemporaries Mission of Burma, Wire have managed to remain vital and interesting with their more recent releases, putting out albums which stand up to their time-honoured early work. Still, it was energetic versions of classics like "Lowdown", "The 15th" and "12XU" that revitalized the late-night crowd at the Legion. They may look like middle-aged accountants now, but Wire (bolstered by the guitar of indie veteran Margaret Fiedler) put on Sled Island's most memorable performance.

AS



SUMMER FESTIVALS 2008



The entrance to the Pemberton Music Festival is like Limbo. Not like the Hawaiian party game, but like the Roman Catholic theological construct: a vast and depressing holding pen for tens of thousands of souls who aren't suffering, but still aren't having a very good time. Like all those dead, unbaptized babies, the crowds milling around in dusty confusion at Pemberton could use a good bath. Within 15 minutes of my arrival, so can I.

Along the Jeep-clogged single-lane roads leading to the festival grounds, a mile-long stream of people hike past cars inching forward at a snail's pace. Forty thousand people are showing up every day for acts ranging from Fiery Furnaces to Jay-Z. The vast majority of them are here just for the experience, for the sound of 40,000 voices cheering and the sight of 40,000 tight young bodies walking around half-naked, drunk on half a million plastic cups of cheap beer.

The security is an absolute mess. People were predicting this for months: up until the festival, Genesis Secu-
22 September 2008

city was running ads on Craigslist and in the Straight, searching desperately for muscle to hold back the vast tide of bodies. I hear half their staff walked off the job after Thursday's near-riot over a lack of shuttles from the parking lot to the campgrounds. People waited hours only to be denied entry. By the time I get there, though, things have gotten a lot better. It's only three or four hours before I manage to get my media pass and make my way into the teeming festival grounds.

Inside, it's like a refugee-camp-themed vacation destination. Everyone is already dirty, tired, and shirtless. Everyone wears scarves around their mouths to block out the ever-present dust. Cowboy hats abound. Sam Roberts Band is currently on, and the sound system on the main stage is awful. I pay half-hearted attention to the band (they're workmanlike Canadian alt-rock that I can never find an excuse to really dislike) while looking for friends in the crowd. I can't spot anyone. Maybe it was the \$150+ single-day tickets, the \$7 beers, or the fact that this is the festival's first year, but the majority of my friends gave Pemberton a pass.

My first brush with fun comes at the Bacardi B-Live tent. The people running this section of the event have their shit relatively together. I'm greeted at the entrance and ushered into a special media area. There's white day-beds with chandeliers overhanging and as many

free mojitos as I can down. I'm starting to look forward to drinking myself into a catatonic state. Somebody I've never heard of is thumping away inside the massive tent, and he (there are pretty much no girls playing this weekend) sounds pretty good. After schmoozing with the other people in the line for booze (my new pals from Stereogum, a few older guys from "real" newspapers, and a local DJ who I thought had just gotten out of rehab), I finish my drink and head out of the media area and into the massive tent.

It's like a huge living room carpeted with hay. People are sitting back on black couches, drinking their mojitos. It's air-conditioned, the lighting is good, and the sound system is large enough to make my insides vibrate from 20 feet away. It feels kind of European.

After a while, I head back to the main stage. The Flaming Lips are fantastic. Their performance is fine (even if the sound was terrible), but what I'm really paying attention to is the confetti cannons, the white weather balloons bouncing across the crowd, the twenty-odd people in Teletubbies costumes onstage and Wayne Coyne crawling into the audience inside his huge plastic bubble. It may have been the mojitos, but I'm laughing like a spastic, and the girl next to me starts to stare. The set sounds like a bootleg YouTube video, but it doesn't even matter—I'm having a fantastic time.

PEW- BER- TION

WORDS AND
PHOTOS BY

MAXWELL
MAXWELL



The Lips are certainly a hard act to follow, so maybe it's a good thing that nobody very interesting went on afterward. Tom Petty is like a hundred years old and wasn't particularly great even when he was relevant, so I head back to the Bacardi tent.

MSTRKRFT is kind of underwhelming. They would have been great for a mid-sized club, but they seem out of their league here. They're two aging hipsters, crowded around a single laptop, smoking and occasionally tweaking knobs on a mixer. There's no props or fireworks or anything, just scrolling logos on the screens behind them — I'm left thinking this would be cool if they were 22 and doing it at the Anza Club, but for serious DJs who have produced a bunch of tracks I totally heart, they're not good live. They're still more fun than many of the festival's other acts, even if they can't muster up the same live show as, say, Fiery Furnaces (whose performance was charming even though they didn't play "Tropical Iceland").

Anyways, I'm standing in the VIP section having an awesome last day, even if the acts aren't super appealing. Vampire Weekend was bland but inoffensive, N.E.R.D. was offensively bland. The waning popularity of rap-rock didn't seem to stop a bevy of drunk white girls from rubbing themselves awkwardly on Pharrell (who is terrible live). So as I sip my Red Bull and wait

for Jay-Z to go on, I'm feeling kind of bad about the general state of humanity. Jay-Z turns in a pretty good set, which might have been better if he wasn't playing for an entirely white audience.

Coldplay goes on, and I'm trying to get out into the audience. It's weird. I don't really like Coldplay, but everybody else does. Chris Martin is a twerp, his lyrics are the vague, mindless, feel-good pabulum which Bono has been boring people with for years. His band is like Kidz Bop in that it takes popular music and removes anything remotely offensive until it's suitable for very, very dull people. By this, I mean that Coldplay sort of sounds like U2, sort of sounds like Radiohead, and sort of sounds like Arcade Fire, except without the creativity, talent, or relevance. In the audience, Chris Martin's trite platitudes are getting panties wet by the hundreds; a lot of very boring people will be fucking tonight. It's time for more free mojitos.

Eventually, blind-staggering drunk, I make my way to my tent. There's a Bacardi pillow under my shirt, and I'm waving a giant flower stolen from somewhere I don't know. Bass is thumping from the Bacardi tent in the distance, and as I lay back on my sleeping bag, I hear people returning to their tents, see their shadows from towers of stadium lights played against the walls of our tent.



The morning arrives suddenly. Laying in my damp sleeping bag and pretending I'm not yet awake. I'm dreading the moment of leaving the tent, getting on the bus home, having to put words together and form a qualitative analysis of a three-day party in the middle of nowhere. I hadn't noticed the mountains until now, and it's kind of shocking, really. They're unbelievably huge; the stages and even the wasteland of dead grass and crushed plastic beer cups seem tiny next to them. The morning is a blur, in the way mornings after a certain kind of party tend to be, but the one thing I remember is this: I am walking toward the backstage area, trying to find something to eat, when all of a sudden I stop in my tracks, struck with the happy realization that I probably would have had a good time even if I had to pay for my own drinks.





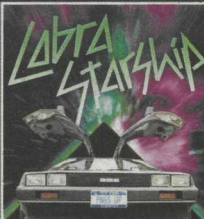
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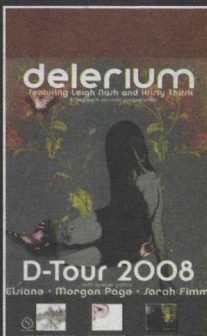
OCTOBER 6
CROATIAN CULTURAL CENTRE
TICKETS ALSO AT SCAPE



SAURDAY NOVEMBER 1
RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS
TICKETS ALSO AT SCAPE



SPECIAL GUESTS
The FLATLINERS
SEPTEMBER 18
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BALLROOM
TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU AND RED CAT



SEPTEMBER 11
COMMODORE
BALLROOM
TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU AND MIDLIFE



SEPTEMBER 22
COMMODORE
BALLROOM
TICKETS ALSO AT SCAPE



brooke
fraser
richard's on
richards
sept 15
TICKETS ALSO AT MIDLIFE



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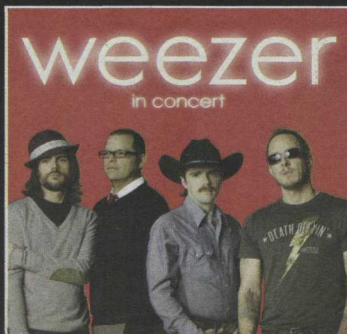
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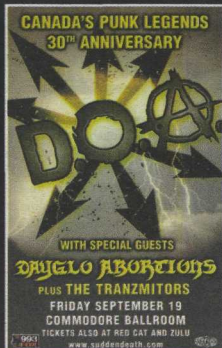


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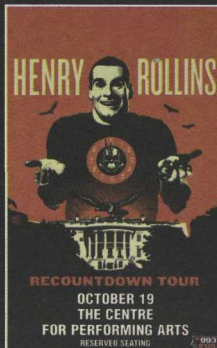


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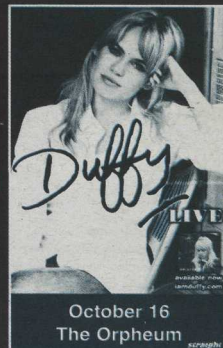


OCTOBER 16 - RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

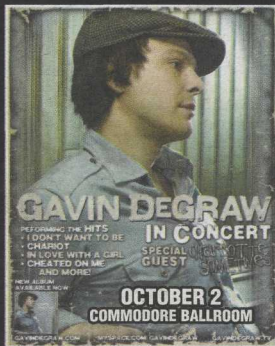
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I'M LOVING WITH A GIRL
I CHEATED ON MY
AND MORE
OCTOBER 2
COMMODORE BALLROOM



SATURDAY OCTOBER 25
COMMODORE BALLROOM



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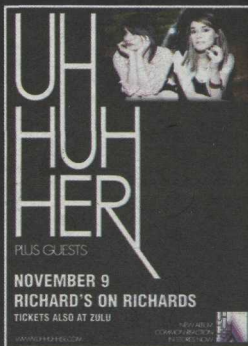
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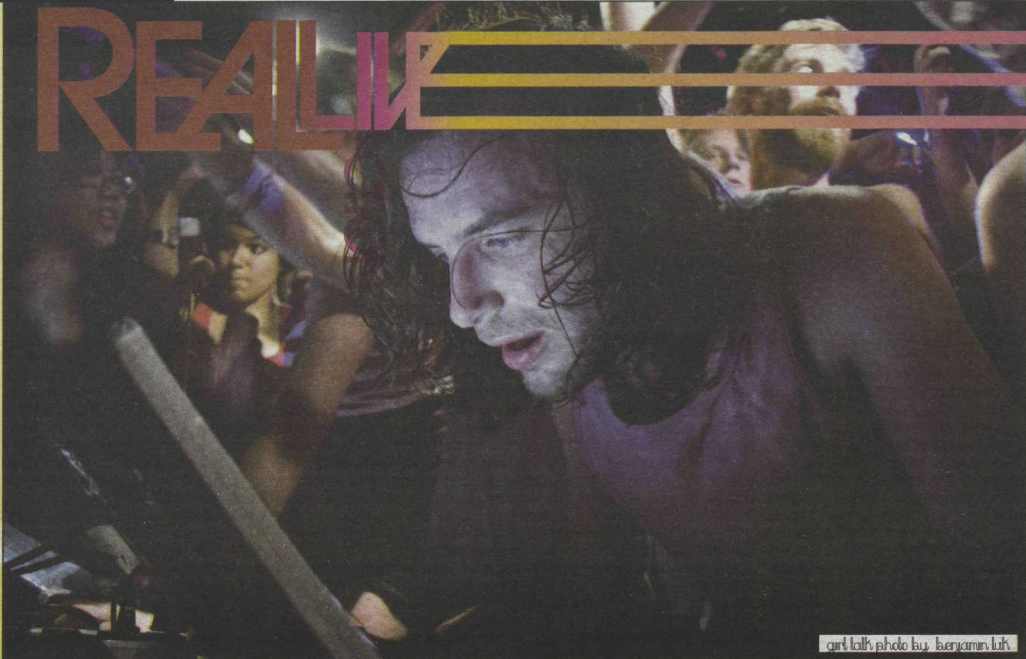
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REALIVE



girl talk photo by benjamin luh

BARN OWL

+ V. VECKER

+ AHNA

Hoko's

August 6

Judging by the conversations I've had with locals since arriving to Vancouver in July, concerts at Hoko's are old hat for most people involved in the city's noise-rock community. Personally, I've seen live music in thrift store basements, art galleries and friends' living rooms, but I've never been afforded a chance to eat spicy maki rolls while listening to world-class experimental music.

The night began modestly with the precision string communications of Vancouver sound exactors ahna. The sometimes four-piece performed as a duo, managing violin and guitar. Easily the most cohesive and structurally sound performance of the night, the set navigated a cyclical minimalist path with expertise, remaining unified and avoiding divisive chaos points.

Shortly thereafter, V. Vecker's thunder-and-lightning show rolled into the room. With drums provided by Justin Gradin from Mutators, Vecker used his guitar and amp stack to release an onslaught of wayward rhythmic intensity and ethereal feedback that had the crowd clutching their ears for dear life. While some would dismiss the duo's extreme volume as symbolic bravado or even lackluster redundancy, they integrated volume intelligently into the scope of their sound, a move that is all too rare in many noise and experimental music circles.

Despite their unassuming looks, visiting San Francisco headliners Barn Owl summoned an entirely divergent spirit that night, setting them apart from the pack. Opening a portal of dual guitar and effects drone, Jon Poras and Evan Caminiti's music slowly veered into a rich psychic territory that demanded peace and attention from the crowd. Crouched on the floor with pedals, guitars and small percussive instruments, the duo projected unfathomable depth and radiant light with their 45-minute

ute composition, leaving the room awash in a meditative spectrum of pure sound.

Justin Langille

BORIS

+ TORCHE

+ LAIR OF THE MINOTAUR

Richard's on Richards

July 30

Like a local blogger mentioned, I forgot that they actually start shows on time at Richard's on Richards, so the usual rock show continuum (doors at eight, show at nine, which means soundcheck, so don't show up until ten) doesn't apply.

Missed Lair of the Minotaur but a quick poll revealed: big monster stoner rawk, all meaty and dumb. Damnit. Torche started with a lot of promise, but after the third Soundgarden cover we went for a stroll in search of coffee. I found myself upstairs next to their singer during Boris's set, the two of us rocking out and exchanging looks of "fuck yeah," and he seemed like a nice guy — stoked to be on tour, rocking the nation. I felt a little guilty: it's that uncomfortable thing when a band's enthusiastic and they do what they do really well, but meh. So it goes.

Ahhh, Boris, spotty on record and diverse in their approach. I was skeptical, especially during an insufferably long soundcheck, but the wait paid off in terms of a set that was completely epic — literally. I know the term "epic" gets bandied about a little too cheaply nowadays, but I haven't experienced amplified transcendence like that since Godspeed You! Black Emperor at the Vogue.

Boris started with a dirge and ended on one, with a few blasts of rock in between. But it was the moody drift, purple-black drone and solos comparable to Fushitsusha that channelled the sadness of every person in the room — nay, the universe — through their Orange amps, restoring my faith in the redemptive powers of the almighty rawk.

Make no mistake, it was drama and spectacle (I would have thought it pompous on a grouchy day — "A gong? Seriously?"), but it was enthralling all the same. Treatments of tracks such as "Flower Sun Rain" and "Pink" were simply stunning, and the 30-minute finale that ended with Atsuo, their insane drummer, standing on his kit in the midst of a Sunn O)))-like drone — horns held aloft along with the crowd in rapturous trance — offered something profound and cathartic.

Yeah I know, like anything transcendent you had to be there, but Boris should not be missed.

Christopher Olson

GIRL TALK

Commodore Ballroom

July 24

Before landing my pass to the sold-out Girl Talk show, I'd never been warned by so many concert-photographer colleagues that I didn't know what I was getting myself into. "Insane" came one description. "People will, like, try to undress you" was another. And they were right.

Halfway through the show, I found myself onstage with people pressing in from all sides, as I shielded my camera with my torso and tried my damndest to re-plug in Girl Talk's left speaker because, between tossing handfuls of confetti into the sky, he nicely asked me to. As anyone who went to that show can attest, there's no exaggeration here. It's an understatement.

Girl Talk is Gregg Gillis, a 26-year-old mash-up artist of the highest calibre. Making lesser laptop DJs like MY!GAY!HUSBAND! look like a nebbish fat fart in a tutu, Gillis will take your two-song mash-up and raise you 14, magically breeding such incongruous musical species such as Kelly Clarkson, Queen or Huey Lewis & the News with shoot-'em-up gangsta rap and producing beautiful, club-dancey aural babies. These babies then have the power to burrow inside your head and transform you from an unassuming hipster fan to a single unit in a

sweaty, writhing, blissed-out orgy of pop music ecstasy. Whilst operating within this orgy, the only thing you're aware of is how much fun you're having. And when it's over, like a particularly adventurous acid trip, you're just glad to be alive.

Not really playing by any sort of predetermined set list, the show functioned by Gillis juggling the samples that made up albums *Night Ripper* and *Feed the Animals* into a continuous stream of recognizable clips, as though he sliced and diced up his own tracks and reinterpreted them again into something incestuously new. But the real star of the night was the crowd, a swarm of thousands climbing up onto the stage, throbbing to the music, and making security sweat for their paycheques.

Benjamin Luk

NO AGE

Richard's on Richards

July 24

Experimental noise-punk duo No Age unleashed an assault of sound upon Richard's, coming across as abrasive and assertive, yet strangely melodic and involving. Theirs is the sort of music that reminds you about music as a subject, not some generic bass beat with pretty vocals.

No Age was preceded by a forgettable set by Abe Vigoda, whose guitars sounded like steel drums placed to awkward lyrics and random backups of ohhs and screams. It was like being on the set of *Evil Dead*, if it was on a cruise to the Caribbean. It's a good thing the pestilence of bad stage performance isn't contagious because the next band Mika Miko redeemed what could have been a very lame Thursday.

Mika Miko is a high-energy noise band that actually seemed to have loads of fun on stage. If it wasn't for the separation the Richard's stage provided, I would have felt as if I was at a house party where everyone goes crazy, and has loads of dirty, screamy fun. The lead singer jumped around the stage and screamed into a red telephone converted into a mic, which completed the lo-fi aesthetic and makes it all seem cool and thrown together at the last minute. No need for stylists, choreographers or makeup artists for this girl band, they rocked.

No Age took control of the stage at 11:30 p.m. and the sleepy crowd was awakened by dreamy, shoegazy and very noisy punk. The fact that two people can manipulate so much noise into a cohesive whole is undoubtedly impressive. The car-splitting feedback, scraping guitar sounds and almost constant symbols perforated my eardrum like a three-hole punch. It felt as if it could have been the birth, or the end of, music. In the end it turned out to be neither, but was still another great show in Vancouver.

Peter Holmes

SHEARWATER

Zulu Records

July 26

If you happened to pop into Zulu Records to pick up the week's arrivals of CDs in late July, you may have been utterly surprised to find a very talented band playing in the middle of the store.

Experimental indie rock band Shearwater took over one of Vancouver's trendier music stores to play music from their fifth album, *Rook*. The ornithological-themed quintet played a beautiful performance featuring the unusual instruments that give Shearwater their sound — drawn-out keys reminiscent of Radiohead's "Kid A," a big stand-up bass, a trumpet and xylophone all mixed up with the more traditional sounds of your standard drum kit, acoustic guitar and electric bass.

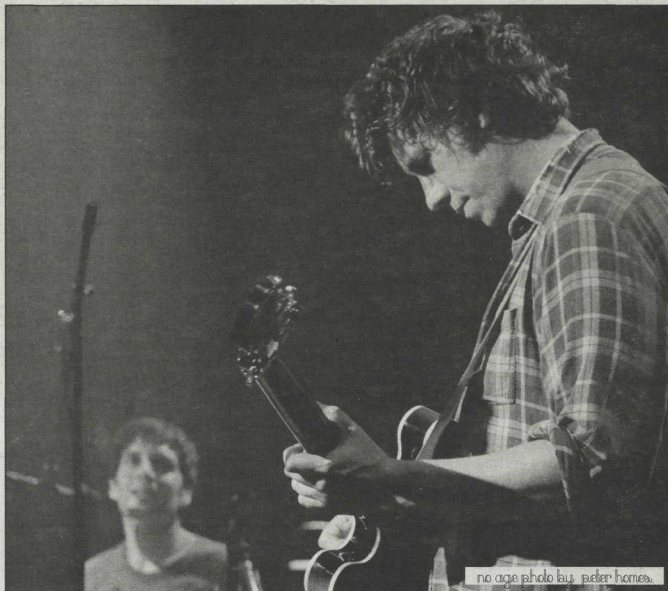
Jonathon Meiburg and Co. played through *Rook*, as those less interested in their acoustic stylings continued to browse through the store. Though the band is evidently not to everyone's tastes, dedicated fans, those who follow record store-related news and curious shoppers took in the group's short but sweet set. Though brief, it included some of the best tracks from the new

album, such as its title track and "Leviathan Bound."

As the band played, Zulu's staff walked around handing out complimentary beverages in what must have been a vain attempt to appear more approachable to their customers. Nice try. All the marketing in the world won't make you guys intimidate your customers any less, but so is the way of the record store.

As a venue, Zulu Records made an excellent setting for the intimate performance provided by Shearwater. The sound was surprisingly clear as the audience packed around the band who had set up next to Zulu's electronic, blues and hip-hop sections. A pleasant surprise on a Saturday afternoon.

Jordie Yow



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AMY RAY DIDN'T IT FEEL KINDER

(Daemon Records)

On the insert to *Didn't It Feel Kinder*, Amy Ray is pictured staring wild-eyed into the camera, with a chest tattoo just peaking over the neckline of her black collared shirt. This picture captures the essence of Amy Ray's music — intense, stark, untamed. The songs here are much harder hitting than her folksy work as one half of the *Indigo Girls*, with muscular arrangements and biting, overdriven guitars. Her voice is deep and full-bodied, proving her capable of taking center stage without the cushion of fellow Indigo Girl Emily Saliers. This less folksy delivery complements Ray's lyrics, which are forthright and unapologetic, as on "SLC Radio," a lesbian's response to radio censorship and America's religious right. "I ain't here to fuck the family," she sings during the song's quiet, keyboard-driven bridge, before the grinding guitars and drums return, pushing the song towards its triumphant climax. Her words paint vivid pictures, clearly drawn from personal experience. On "Bus Bus" she describes listening to Elliott (Elliott Smith, presumably) on her headphones, in her tour bus bunk, pining for an absent lover: "I got my phone on vibrate in case you call me," she sings. It is her honesty that makes Amy Ray's music appealing, and with arrangements to match her brash lyrics, her music has never sounded better.

Alex Hudson

DARKER MY LOVE

2

(Dangerbird Records)

The name might evoke a group of mascara-bedaubed teenagers, but *Darker My Love* has more in common with hazy pop rock than the emo sounds of *My Chemical Romance*. 2, the appropriately named sophomore album from the Los Angeles five-piece, is drenched in reverb and shoe-gazing fuzz, with melodic sensibilities firmly rooted in 1960s psychedelia. Each song is nestled within a cocoon of guitar noise, with difficult to decipher lyrics, couched in woozy harmonies. In stark contrast to its misnomer of a band name, *Darker My Love's* music is warm and welcoming, drawing the listener in with the opening riffs of "Northern Soul," the album's feedback-laden first track. This dreamy atmosphere pervades every track on the album, causing the songs to blend into one another, and resulting in an album that sounds like a cohesive whole rather than a random collection of independent singles.

If *Darker My Love* has a weakness, it's their tendency to be derivative, with the album's lead single, "Two Ways Out," bearing a near-identical melody to Supergrass classic "Alright." Comparisons to *My Bloody Valentine* and the *Dandy Warhols* are also inevitable (fittingly, the band is touring with the latter in September). Still, taken on its own, 2 is an addictive, sun-drenched rock record, so get your hands on it before summer ends.

Alex Hudson

ELDORADO SUITCASE

(Independent)

Suitcase is the second album from this local indie/alt-country five piece. Singer Angela Fama has a voice that deviates between sweet and sultry, while occasionally reminiscent of *Cowboy Junkies'* Margo Timmins. Although the majority of the tracks throughout *Suitcase* are strong, the most memorable tracks are the ones where Fama duets with other band members. This is by no means a slight on the very talented singer, but rather a case of the energy created by the sum, being much more spirited and infectious than its separate parts. The title track is a slowed down honky-tonk number featuring the beautiful sounding chorus when Fama is joined on harmonies by bassist Julie Bavalis. Guitarist Nenad Jelic contributes a tongue-in-cheek spoken word performance in "Never Say Never," and a memorable vocal appearance on ballad "Denial." In addition to the vocal talents, there is a cheeky, irreverent spirit to the album with lyrics that recall the wit and word play of Carolyn Mark. Closing track "The Darkest Eye" reverts back to a sleepy sweetness recalling the warmth of summer days spent under shady trees and the comfort of knowing that while the road beckons, it also waits.

Melissa Smith

THE PACK A.D.

FUNERAL MIXTAPE

(Mint Records)

Listeners enamoured with the Pack A.D.'s debut *Tinytype*, will not be disappointed with this sophomore release from Vancouver's garage/blues duo. *Funeral Mixtape* takes its cue from the concept albums of the '70s by offering exactly what the title says, a selection of songs to be played as a celebration to the end of a life. However, that is where the comparisons with concept albums end, as thankfully there is nary a prog-rock element to be heard. Although, the piano is sadly missing this time around, the drum and guitar stylings are booze and blues infused, and will not disappoint. Opening track "Blackout" sets the tone and pace of the album with serious guitar riffage. Tracks "Don't Have To Like You" and "Dannemora Blues" feature Becky Black's traditional blues guitar plucking and drumming from Maya Miller that surprisingly sounds slightly jazzy. Becky Black's opening guitar in "Shiny Things," a song about zombies, is so eerie and frightening, listeners are double dared to play it on low with the lights out. The track is followed by instant classic, "Oh Be Joyful," which although noted on the promotional sheet as a New Orleans death march is nowhere near as unsettling. The rocking continues throughout *Funeral Mixtape*, as third to last song "Build" is introduced by the heaviness of pounding drums, and is definitely the song to get the crowds up and dancing. "Worried," the last track on the album has a sound slightly like earlier track "Oh Be Joyful," but with a mellower sound that fades out the album with the adage, "I'm sorry." With songs this good, no apologies are necessary.

Melissa Smith

SLIM TWIG VERNACULAR VIOLENCE

(Paperbag Records)

Toronto-based songwriter Slim Twig coined the genre "concrete rockabilly" to describe his futuristic musical stylings, but it's not entirely clear why he felt it was necessary to create the term. His latest EP, *Vernacular Violence*, sounds a whole lot like straight-ahead electronica. Every song is driven by a sparse, tick-tocking beat, and fleshed out with eerie synthesizers, jarring cello, and the occasional guitar. The mood is relentlessly sombre and oppressive, which causes the album to drag, even over its brief 25-minute run time. Memorable melodies are hard to come by on *Vernacular Violence*, and Twig eschews traditional verse-chorus structures in favour of more free-flowing compositions. Although this helps to keep things unpredictable, it works against him on the epic dirge "White Fantasee," which drags on for 10 minutes without ever taking hold. *Vernacular Violence* isn't an outright failure as Twig succeeds in creating an unsettling atmosphere ideal for late nights and dark corners, sounding at times like a pared-down version of *Portishead*. His synthesizers effectively toe the line between pleasant and dissonant, contributing to the overall tenseness of the material. Still it makes one wish Twig would occasionally lift the morose mood; an upbeat palate-cleanser would have been well-placed and welcome.

Alex Hudson

TANYA TAGAQ

AUK-BLOOD

(Jericho Beach Music)

Former resident of Cambridge Bay, Nunavut, Tanya Tagaq has had the honour of collaborating with Björk on three projects during her four years as an established experimental musician and Inuit throat singer. While Björk does not make an appearance on *Blood* (or *Auk* in the Inuktitut language), Tagaq collaborates with two other renowned experimental artists on her newest album, recorded in Spain and Calgary. Mike Patton, of *Faith No More* fame, has been credited for his versatile and often experimental vocal style, and in addition to releasing *Auk-Blood* on his own Ipecac label stateside, he lends his talents to second track "Fire-Ikuma." "Hunger" the ninth track on the album features Tagaq's throat singing laid over an electro beat and sounds incredibly sensual, which is perhaps fitting as this track was derived from a letter to her lover. Opening track "Fox-Tiriganiak" functions as the strongest auditory hallucinogenic on the album and brings to mind "More Than Seven Dwarfs In Penis Land" the tripped-out and seminal (pun intended) gem from Roger Waters' *Music From The Body*. Surprisingly the tracks that work the best on the album, are the collaborations with Nova Scotian hip hop artist Buck 65, as his spoken word musings provide a welcome balance to the ethereal experimentation of Tagaq.

Melissa Smith

UNDER REVIEW

TEN SHEKEL SHIRT

JUBILEE
(Independent)

For some unshakable reason, Ten Shekel Shirt's third album, *Jubilee* sounds exactly like that period from the late '90s when a bunch of infectiously alternative anthems saturated the radio stations and then were never heard from again. Perhaps Third Eye Blind's "Semi-Charmed Life" and Semisonic's "Closing Time" bring this otherwise undefinable sound and time to mind. Despite *Jubilee*'s nostalgic, late '90s flavour, it also manages to evoke parallels to Snow Patrol, Clearlake, and even a little Grandaddy at times. Highly textured and versatile, gifted front-man and songwriter Lamont Hiebert's emotive lyrical composure and pseudo-anxious voice emanate the pain of living in the 21st century. Songs such as "Wartime Lullaby" and "Love From a Lesser God" have an existential, morally paralyzing theme to them, while "It's Slavery" condemns commercialism and the lack of collective social consciousness. At the upswing points of the album, Hiebert can move past the metallic scratchings of modern life and show an unrelenting optimism, such as in the song "Fragile." Darting between the organic, the eclectic and the synthetic, *Jubilee* is an album of surprisingly varied and masterfully crafted songs for the ebullient at heart.

Miné Salkin

UH HUH HER

COMMON REACTION
(Network Records)

Uh Huh Her's debut full-length album *Common Reaction* is a melodic hybrid of powerful electro and indie sounds. The group consists of the musical talents of Leisha Hayley and multi-instrumentalist Camila Grey, whose female vocal pairings give the album a sultry, organic texture. While the initial sound of the album seems merely stylish and elite, the lyrics move through introspective topics that elevate the songs from most club music. "Explode" explores the dark side of female sexuality, abandonment, and the pursuit of love within a superficial demographic. Hailey and Grey function as a kind of glamorized, ironic version of Tegan and Sara, through sad lyrical gestures, camouflaged by upbeat, catchy electronic anthems. The track "Away From Here" epitomizes this world of pain glossed over by outward beauty, as they sing "What if I could change the world one day at a time / I'd go back and stay / Too much is gone / Shallow in depth / So I see everything clear." Inspired by a PJ Harvey B-Side, offended by the notion of a love song, Uh Huh Her moves beyond the transparency of the dance scene through to a shimmering, aurally pleasing display of the female persuasion.

Miné Salkin

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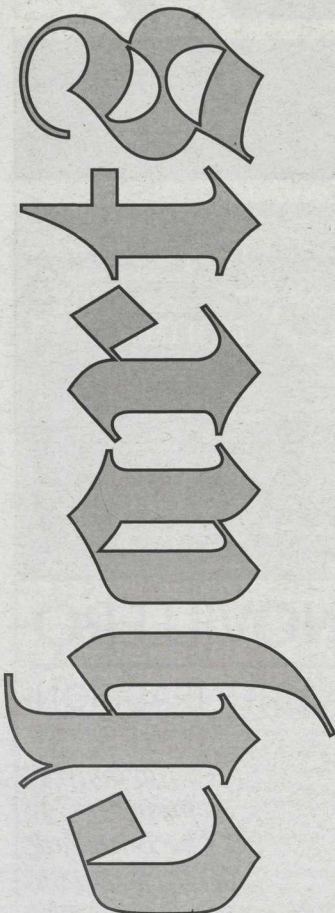
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SEPTEMBER
2008

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#	Artist	Title	Label
1	Various*	Emergency Room Volume One	Nominal
2	King Khan and the Shrines	The Supreme Genius of King Khan and the Shrines	Vice
3	Various	Songs for the Gang: Thrush Hermit Tribute	Gooseberry
4	Women*	Women	Flemish Eye
5	The Jolts*	Haute/Voltage	Independent
6	Chris Murray Combo*	Why So Rude?	Unstrictly Roots
7	Hank Pine and Lily Fawn*	North America	Independent
8	Mirah	The Old Days Feeling	Modern Radio
9	The Telepathic Butterflies*	Breakfast In Suburbia	Rainbow Quartz
10	Ratatat	LP3	XL
11	Carpenter*	Law Of The Land	Smellman
12	Elliott Brood*	Mountain Meadows	Six Shooter
13	Atlas Sound	Atlas Shrugged	K
14	Snailhouse*	Lies On The Prize	Unfamiliar
15	Vancouver*	Canadian Tuxedo	Mint
16	The Jolts*	Haute/Voltage	Independent
17	The Dutchess And The Duke	She's The Dutchess, He's The Duke	Hardly Art
18	Hawaiian Bibles*	There's Good People In The City	Independent
19	One Hundred Dollars*	Forest Of Tears	Independent
20	Me First And The Gimme Gimmes	Have Another Ball	Fat Wreck Chords
21	Jeremy Jay	Alpharhythm	K
22	Vivian Girls	Wild Eyes	Plays With Dolls
23	Oxford Collapse	Bits	Sub Pop
24	Torche	Meanderthal	Hydra Head
25	Various	PDX Pop Now! 2008	PDX
26	Twink	A Very Fine Adventure	Twink Tones
27	Ron Sexsmith*	Exit Strategy Of The Soul	Ronboy
28	Horse Feathers	House With No Home	Kill Rock Stars
29	The Bug Nastics	Which Way Ya Wanna Go?	Floatation
30	Various	Believer Music Issue 2008	McSweeney's
31	The Ramblin' Ambassadors*	Vista Cruiser Country Squire	Mint
32	Adam And The Amethysts*	Amethyst Amulet	Pame
33	Mokey Lemon	Season Of Sweets	Birdman
34	Dennis Wilson	Pacific Ocean Blue/Bambu	Epic
35	Various*	MusicWorks 101	MusicWorks Magazine
36	Jeff Hanson	Madam Owl	Kill Rock Stars
37	Silver Jews	Lookout Mountain, Lookout Sea	Drag City
38	Abe Vigoda	Skeleton	PPM
39	Fiery Furnaces	Remember	Thrill Jockey
40	Dirtbombs	We Have You Surrounded	In The Red
41	Beck	Modern Guilt	DGC
42	The Stills*	Oceans Will Rise	Arts & Crafts
43	Pram	The Moving Frontier	Domino
44	Oneida	Preteen Weaponry	Brah/Jaggiaguar
45	Two Minute Miracles*	Volume IV: Lions Of Love	Weewerk
46	The Tough Alliance	The New School	Summer Lovers Unlimited
47	The Wet Secrets*	Rock Fantasy	Rodeo Peanut
48	Tunnel Canary*	Jihad	Run Down Sun
49	Vetiver	Thing Of The Past	Gnomonsong
50	Judas Priest	Nostradamus	Epic



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LYKKE LI

Youth Novels CD

By now you have probably heard the music of **Lykke Li** even though you might not know anything about her! Joining an impressive group of Swedish pop upstarts (**Peter, Bjorn and John**, **El Perro Del Mar**, **Taken By Trees**) **Lykke** is definitely one of the most fresh faces to hit our North American shores in a long time. Her debut full length **Youth Novels** testifies to her inventive vision for crafty and ultimately extremely catchy melodies, instrumentation and arrangements. Featuring 14 songs that hint at a wide range of genres and moods, the album shows off her musical depth and well-rounded songwriting approach. There is a modern fair to standard tracks such as "I'm Good, I'm Gone" and "Little Bit" which capture Li's precise sense of funky experimentation as well as her bold sonic juxtapositions, while also presenting her endearing youthful unflappable voice. Stop by for a listen and finally place a name with the songs you've been hearing around the scene for quite some time.

CD 14.98

CALEXICO

Carried To Dust CD

For **Carried To Dust**, **Calexico** called on a rotating cast of musicians and friends to help them create what is arguably their most varied and strongest work to date. The band lineup that solidified around **Feast Of Wire** is back again along with a number of guests, including **Sam Beam** (Iron and Wine), **Douglas McCombs** (Tortoise), and **Pieta Brown**. Along with extending collaborative bridges with other artists, **Carried To Dust** also reflects **Calexico**'s amazing live shows, as well as underscoring the band's restraint and beauty. A remarkably well-rounded album, **Carried To Dust** showcases every aspect of **Calexico**'s exceptional talents — proving yet again that our pals **Joey and John** are close to a sure bet as one can truly get Bravo. AVAILABLE SEPT 9th

CD 14.98

STEREOLAB

Chemical Chords CD w/ ltd. edition 7"

Scoring an impressive 8.1 rating from the rock critics at Pitchforkmedia, **Stereolab** have created another quintessentially great record of bubbling rhythmic and dense sonic synthesizers. Infused in this classic **Stereolab** foundation are some extremely animated horn arrangements from long time collaborator **Sean O'Hagan**, who her manages to send **Freddie Wesley** and **Maceo Parker** through the **Brian Wilson** sonic kaleidoscope! Gracing this elixir of blissed out grandeur is another **Stereolab** hallmark — the dodecaphonic French rhythms of **Luciaulia Sadler** who as always is in fine form. Not to be mistaken with a track on the bubbly '60s inspired new **Beck** release, **Chemical Chords** also dips deep into the roots of pop psychedelia era as '60s Duo Wop and symphonic **Beach Boys** arrangements are through into the enchanted mix with stunning results. Grand!

CD 12.98 w/ ltd. edition 7"

CHAD VANGAALAN

Soft Airplane CD

Recorded primarily on an old tape machine and a JVC ghetto blaster in **Chad**'s Calgary basement, **Soft Airplane** retains the handmade charm and singular character of his previous records, while incorporating new layers of sophistication and weight. Recalling **Nell Young** at his most fragile and plaintive, and **Therese Moore** at his most resolved and vital, **Chad**'s emotive vocals anchor these songs while tackling the pervasive themes of death and dreams with an unexpected air of certainty and hope that is far from ominous — instead it's luminous. Through a complex interplay of guitar, drum beats, loops, samples, found sounds, unorthodox percussion, polyphones, distortion, synthesizers, accordions and more, **Chad** has made an album that sounds bigger than one man. It sounds like a lifetime. AVAILABLE SEPT 9th

CD 14.98

THE FIERY FURNACES

Remember 2CD

Hot off the heels of their critically acclaimed **Thrill Jockey** release **Widow City**, **Matthew and Eleanor Friedberger**, the sibling duo that makes up the core of **The Fiery Furnaces**, one of the most prolific bands in music, have put together a double CD live album entitled **Remember**. **The Fiery Furnaces** are one of the most unique experiences in live music. Remember captures the high energy, intricate complexity, amazing vocal acrobatics of **Eleanor** and the technical musicianship that defines a **Fiery Furnaces** performance. Collected songs from their entire catalogue and performances across the globe starting in 2005, **Remember** is a unique document. **The Fiery Furnaces** reconstruct and re-arrange their songs for each tour. They go to great lengths to create versions that vary greatly from the recorded versions in tempo, instrumentation and arrangements. The band go through this process for each tour, never repeating themselves, and often combining songs in a musical collage that creates a new song made up of several — or even bits of an entire album! These are not your mother's madleys. We know of no other band that does such great lengths to reinvent and re-imagine for every tour. As a result, **Remember** is unique as a live document. More than two hours of music appears on **Remember** as it appears no place else. Featuring 51 tracks, **Remember** is issued as a double CD in a deluxe 6 panel digipack and includes a coupon to download a bonus song.

2CD 16.98

OKKERVIL RIVER

The Stand Ins CD

Okkervil River's new full-length album **The Stand Ins** is the sequel to 2007's critically acclaimed **The Stage Names**, which Pitchfork praised as "one of the year's best," with **The New York Times** proclaiming, "This band's musical arsenal keeps getting fuller." Recorded in Austin and produced by longtime collaborator **Brian Beattie** and **Okkervil River**. The album features 11 songs and includes the track "Lost Castles," on which **Will Sheff** and recently departed **Jonathan Meiburg** of **Shoarwater** share a duet on the joys and hardships of trying to keep the band together. Of the process **Will Sheff** explains, "We had so many songs we were excited about that we briefly threw around the idea of just putting out a double record. Instead, we decided to take a group of songs that it with each other and turn that into **The Stage Names**, setting the rest aside for a future release, a **The Stage Names** sequel." **The Stand Ins** is that sequel, part two of a staggered double album now fleshed-out, into a deeply ambitious labor of love! AVAILABLE SEPT 9th

CD 14.98

JENNIFER O'CONNOR

Here with Me CD

Charting the distances between **Patti Smith** and **Lucinda Williams**, Matador Recording artist **Jennifer O'Connor** has now for two records found under the radar of the general music loving population. Knowing **Jennifer** she's probably comfortable operating from this shadowy void as it has allowed her idiosyncratic vision the freedom to evolve at a gradual and unpressured rate. Steeping herself in the past and present masters, **O'Connor** prefers to work on the craft of her outsider rock tradition rather than editing her myspace page or pre-viewing video director reels. She prefers to study finger-picking like a fan fanatic "End of the Hill" rather than hunt down vintage jackets for photo shoots. She prefers to dial up her crack Brooklyn session band to fill in on a juicy number such as "Valley Road '86" rather than dial up publicists to get her on the party guest lists. You get my drift? Get her drift? You got to love her direct poetries — plain and simple.

CD 12.98

KELLARISSA

Flamingo CD

With a flare for the unconventional and her soaring vocal loops, **Kellariissa** will charm your ears into being captivated through your Grandma's basement. **Flamingo** is a multitalented choose-your-own adventure novel of a pop record filled with fairy reverberant and elegant Finnish influences. Her previous work with **Piano and The Choir Practice** earned **Kellariissa** a license in pop sorcery. That said, **Flamingo** is a magical one woman show that you don't want to miss. CD release party, Saturday, September 14th at VIVO with Hello, Blue Roses and Les Beyond. AVAILABLE SEPT 9th

CD 12.98

JAGUAR LOVE

Take Me To The Sea CD

A year last year's **Blood Brothers** divorce we now finally have something we can all feel happy about again. Featuring the tortured catenals of **B.B. Vocalist Johnny Whitely** and the must be seen to be believed guitar hedonist of **B.B. Only Voletoles** as well as **PGMG**'s rhythmic ace **J. Clark**, **Jaguar Love** is now finally proving the adage that everyone is happy when stocks split! Now, here is where things get interesting. Refusing to be a mere predictable simulacra of their previous sonic efforts, **Jaguar Love** are indeed their own cacophonous beast to be reckoned with! Unleashing a fury of specific guitar riffage and dense drum thunder, **Clark and Voletoles** create a shimmering haze of disorienting riffs that which **Whitely** out-does himself by screaming beautifully! Pulling in all directions at once, **Jaguar Love** are as belligient and cantankerous as the **Blood Brothers** ever were but also manage find even more tension in their songs as they push the full on frenzied to the finest conclusion. One of the best records of the year.

CD 12.98

THE WALKMEN

You & Me CD

It's been slightly over six years since **The Walkmen** released their landmark debut LP. Everyone who's pretended to like **Me Is Gone** (The actually alluring record was a passionate, immediate, unique and groundbreaking affair) **The Walkmen** followed. Even one with even more vigor on **Bones & Arrows** and **A Hundred Miles Off**. Sparks fly once again on the band's latest opus, **You & Me**. Recorded in Mississippi & New York, the album shines like a diamond in the rough. Key tracks include "In The New Year", "Postcards From Tiny Islands" & the majestic closer, "If Only We Were". Another stunning collection! Old School roots came together with energetic melodies and palpable tension to make **The Walkmen** something special. They have put together a tighter yet more ambitious album than their last two efforts, and the songwriting is as gripping as ever. Join the action.

CD 14.98

THE STILLS

Oceans Will Rise CD

Three albums into the game and Montreal's **Stills** have furthered their already amazing catalog of intense brooding post-punk rock! Upping the ante after their plaintive roots based **Under Feathers** seemed near impossible — yet like classic 70s era Stones — **The Stills** prove that truly great band pulse with soul, confidence, and most importantly the courage constantly reshape their aesthetic while maintaining the core level of crafted elegance. Sporting their trademark crystalline guitar fury and ominous rhythmic bombast, these 12 blistering new songs are easily their most consistent to date as well as perhaps their most mature as "Being Here" is an rock anthem in every sense yet also the sort of song most bands leave overworked, bloated and flat. Perhaps the key is **The Stills** ability to capture the urgency of their sound without sounding crass in any way at all. Recommended for those into **Unknown Pleasures**, **Antics**, and **Murdered Moon** — good company for an album as great as **Oceans Will Rise**!

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